

# The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL. 55

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
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MISS MAUD JEFFRIES AS ELNA AND MR. WILSON BARRETT AS LEMUEL,  
IN "THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Heaven forbid that I should argue, here or elsewhere, the question of women's suffrage; but it has one aspect which raises a serious social problem. In most controversies, difference of opinion does not imply a conviction on either side that the other is constitutionally incapable of exercising a sound judgment. When two party men, with a modicum of common sense, fall out, neither assumes that his creed alone qualifies him and his political friends exclusively for the government of the country. The party man addresses his arguments to the merits of the case; he seeks to discomfit his opponent with the ordinary resources of debate; he does not say, "There is only one set of men ordained by nature to rule, and I belong to that set." But when a man who does not believe in women's suffrage engages in dispute with a woman who does, he is forced into this arrogant attitude. He must say directly or by implication, "Only one sex has the natural fitness for government, and I am a member of it." Let him be never so polite, conciliatory, persuasive, his cardinal principle is a personal humiliation to his adversary.

Of course, the poor man does his best to disguise this by eloquent tributes to the supremacy of woman in her traditional sphere. Convinced that authority in politics must be masculine, he is distressed by the logical conclusion pertinent to the lady who is arguing that women ought to have the franchise. Probably she has great personal charms, a thrilling voice, an intoxicating smile, that trick of the lips which Lucas Malet observed in a fictitious heroine—the unconscious sketching of a kiss; and her distracted antagonist with difficulty restrains himself from exclaiming, "You were made to be adored, to command all the chivalrous homage man can yield to woman; nay, more, to madden him to murder or abduction, but not, I regret to say, to be entrusted with the right of returning majorities to the House of Commons, and eventually of sitting there!" Such an outbreak, you see, would only accentuate the dilemma; for, instead of being appeased by this lyrical acknowledgment of her seductiveness, the lady would repel it as an obnoxious assertion that she is a mere creature of the affections, at best an etherealised Aphrodite; whereas she seeks to govern by intellect, by a mastery of Blue-books, and the other appurtenances of masculine tyranny. Praise of woman's beauty is a hopeless subterfuge for the man who goes in daily terror of being asked in silvery but incisive tones, "Do you seriously mean to affirm that we women are disqualified for the franchise because our intelligence is not equal to yours?"

Consider the horrible derangement of social intercourse if this should become a regular inquisition! At present we enjoy an illusory security. It is possible to go out to dinner, to a theatre, or a ball, without being sharply reminded that woman is discontented with the kind of dominion which man cheerfully assigns to her. How long will this respite last? As it is, I never meet Olivia now without some trepidation lest she may have been reading a debate in the House on this most alarming subject. Her intelligence, which is a source of fearsome joy to me, is happily engaged in works of imagination. She always has a novel in hand, a publisher to educate, a public to subdue, a reviewer to disdain. I applaud rather obtrusively her sparkling epigrams about the crass obtuseness of the reviewer, though I feel this is delicate ground. That very obtuseness, if doggedly prolonged, may turn Olivia's agile mind to the enfranchisement of women, especially women novelists. It may strike her at any moment that the world cannot go right till woman seats herself in the political scales, and man kicks the beam. I do not argue the point; if I have any opinion, wild Amazons, I trust, will not drag it from me; but if Olivia should suddenly insist upon making this the main topic of conversation, how am I to skulk behind deferential commonplaces? That may be your awful situation, my brothers! Instead of the anecdotal chatter of afternoon teas, you will encounter a cross-examination between two slices of bread-and-butter as to the expediency of pouring the feminine intellect into that political tea-pot, the ballot-box!

Some men, no doubt, would meet such a challenge with brutal candour. But how is society to be carried on by a daily iteration of man's superiority? To say nothing of the gulf of bathos into which some standard-bearers of masculine supremacy would plunge us, think of the discomfort this incessant trumpet-blast would cause to the diffident man, accustomed to a worshipful attitude in the presence of women! How would he stand a raking fire of feminine irony for the rest of his life? I suspect that, if women could be so organised that every man was asked every day by his womankind for an exposition of the greatness of the political brain which entitled him to a vote, he would eventually support women's suffrage simply to escape from torture.

Intellect, as Mr. George Street says in his new novel, "The Wise and the Wayward," ought not to spoil one's manners, and men might come to feel at last that their monopoly of national government is a dogma which constant repetition makes a violation of good taste. Here, then, is a weapon which, if they have sufficient concentration of purpose, women may use with deadly effect. Let it be understood that they regard the political despotism of man as vulgar, like swearing before ladies, or wearing one's hat in the drawing-room, and he will be thrown into a panic. As a counter-stroke, he may declare that beauty is greater than intellect, and fall in hypocritical adoration at the feet of the plainest women; but who can believe that they will surrender to such blandishment? Our Lady Annes can no longer be cozened by your insinuating Glosters!

Mr. Street's novel is an excellent study of contemporary manners. To a hasty reader the story may seem slight, but every page is packed with matter, distilled in a fine vein of irony. The character that delights me most is a comely lady, who is a devoted wife and mother, with a magnificent digestion, a reputation for unobtrusive kindness, and an infinite capacity for malice. Mildred Ashton is one of the women who eat and drink and have no conscience—a buxom, rosy Clytemnestra, who stabs to death the domestic happiness of a helpless wife, and then calls for cold chicken and a small bottle of champagne. She commits this crime to secure a certain heritage for her child; she flirts with a greasy satyr for the sake of her husband's commercial interests; and she is sustained through these proceedings by the unruffled complacency of a robust appetite. It is an interesting exercise in the higher gastronomy to watch the ministrations of the table to her Machiavellian diplomacy. Buttered toast gives unction to the subtlest guile, and the master-stroke which deceives everybody except its unfortunate victim is heralded by a procession of egg-sandwiches.

Becky Sharp showed her consummate instinct when she eagerly tasted Jos Sedley's favourite curry. The immediate result was disastrous, for the innocent Rebecca had not reckoned on the fiery quality of the dish; but her generalship, if a little crude just then, had the impulse of genius. The average man is delighted with a woman who has a frank relish for her regular meals. Who is successful at a ball-supper, the languishing maiden who says she never eats, or the vigorous young woman who applies her white teeth to their primitive use without embarrassment? The languishing maiden is a melancholy survival of the period when women strove to maintain an angelic character by professing to live on air. Man did his best to accept this celestial hypocrisy with a grave face; but he is much more at ease now that woman eats six courses at dinner, and is quite ready for Mildred Ashton's snack before going to bed. All this eating and drinking is quite compatible with good faith and the kindest heart; but it affords an impenetrable disguise to the woman with a deadly purpose. Shakspeare, as Mr. Bernard Shaw must have observed, missed the point as usual in Lady Macbeth. She began pretty well when she smeared the faces of the sleeping grooms with Duncan's blood, and took a stiff pull at the liquor they had not finished. "What has made them drunk has made me bold." But her behaviour at the banquet was lamentably weak. Instead of calling for another bottle and a third plate of Scotch collops, while Macbeth was grimacing in his ghost-fit, she made dreary appeals to the guests not to heed him!

Mr. Locke Richardson is not a little astonished to find that his interpretation of Falstaff's dying words was anticipated twenty years ago. His surprise is natural enough. When Samuel Neil, President of the Edinburgh Shakspeare Society, made this very suggestion, that Falstaff's "green fields" were the "green pastures" of the Psalmist, it attracted no attention, and was soon forgotten. When Mr. Richardson lights quite independently upon the same idea, it causes a notable stir on both sides of the Atlantic. Such are the unequal fortunes of scholarship. To my mind, the attempt to show that Falstaff was a religious man, in spite of thieving, drunkenness, and lechery, and that he made an edifying death-bed repentance by quoting the Psalmist to Mrs. Quickly, though, as Mr. Lang points out, it is at least dubious that Shakspeare was acquainted with the authorised translation of the Psalms, is not a persuasive example of Shaksperian criticism. If Theobald was right in his conjecture (itself a stroke of genius) that "a table of green fields" should read "a babbled of green fields," what more natural than to suppose that Falstaff's mind had gone back to his childhood, as the mind of a dying man often does, and that he remembered the fields in which he used to play? That seems to me both the rational and poetical interpretation; and to drag in the Psalms at the tail of an anthology of the Scriptural expressions which Falstaff uses in the heyday of his "mountain of flesh," is like making the hero of the Boar's Head the "awful example" of a tract.



## THE JAPANESE MAYBRICK CASE.

Mrs. Edith Carew has been tried and condemned to death by the Consular Court at Yokohama, the extreme penalty being afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life, for a murder which outdoes the famous Maybrick case in sensational and dramatic detail, while it presents some curious parallels to that *cause célèbre*.

In 1889, Miss Edith May Poreh, daughter of the present Mayor of Glastonbury, was married to a Mr. Walter Raymond Halliwell Carew, a native of Cornwall. After residing for some time in Cornwall, the parties went to Yokohama, where Mr. Carew acted as secretary to the United Club. The Carews were in easy circumstances, moved in the best society of Yokohama, and seem to have been popular. The nature of their domestic relations is not clear from available telegrams, but it cannot have been such as to excite suspicion in the minds of outsiders, seeing that it was the hint of Mrs. Carew's nursery-governess, Miss Mary Jacobs, which first led the doctor to surmise foul play.

In October last Mr. Carew fell sick. His wife called in a physician, who treated his patient for diseased liver. On Oct. 21, Miss Jacobs, who is a London girl, was sent by her mistress to a native chemist for arsenic and sugar of lead. The chemist remarked that Mrs. Carew seemed to require "plenty deadly poison," as this was her third order for the drug within three days. Miss Jacobs remembered the remark.

The same night she recalled it again, for when Mrs. Carew sent her to the invalid with a glass ostensibly containing whisky and soda and cocaine, Mr. Carew said he would have spirits only, and no more medicine, as he had taken a whole chemist's shop that day. Mary Jacobs, now thoroughly suspicious, let fall certain remarks which reached the doctor, who immediately ordered his patient's removal to the Naval Hospital. On Oct. 22 Mr. Carew died. Examination showed arsenic and sugar of lead in the stomach. At the inquest Miss Jacobs told her story, and it was further ascertained that, in three

days, three ounces of arsenic had been consumed in the Carews' house. Mrs. Carew was then put into the witness-box, and told a weird story of a veiled woman who had once left a card at the house. Mr. Carew, she said, wrote to this woman, whose name was Mrs. Luke, "Annie Luke," as she has been called in the subsequent pleadings. This mysterious personage, who has never been produced *in propria persona*, was alleged to have written to Mrs. Carew, the Coroner, and counsel in the case, after Mr.

Carew's death, several letters of spiritualistic import, stating that "A. L.," the late Walter Carew's twin soul, was on her way to join him. There had been, the accused alleged, an attachment between Annie Luke and Mr. Carew, presumably before his marriage, and the discarded love, who belonged to Devonshire, had come to Japan to be avenged. "A. L." threatened Mrs. Carew that if she mentioned the mysterious visit she would never leave Japan alive. The Coroner, on examining the letter, told the Court that the writer expressed a desire to exonerate "that silly little fool of a wife." The verdict was death from arsenic administered by some person unknown. Mrs. Carew was shortly thereafter brought up on a summons charging her with murder.

Like the Maybrick case, here was a sick man, nursed by his wife, carried off by arsenical poison, administered, the medical evidence declared, in successive doses. Like the English case, the defence was

similar to the line adopted in Mrs. Maybrick's famous "statement"—that the deceased had been in the habit of taking arsenic. There was, however, in the present case an alternative line of defence—that the drug had been administered by the shadow known as Annie Luke. One parallel at first was wanting—the circumstance which, as some declared, bore undue weight in Mrs. Maybrick's trial—the taint of infidelity. But that was to be supplied in a startling, almost a "stagey" manner. Again intervened the *dead ex machina*—Miss Jacobs. That young lady, suspecting that some letters she had been expecting had been intercepted, instituted a search in Mrs. Carew's waste-paper basket. There she found—possibly what she sought, although that has not come to light—at any rate, something of more importance, with which she had really no business, fragments of letters to Mrs. Carew. A fellow-servant pieced the scraps together. The result of so much ingenuity was produced in Court, and the letters were shown to be from one H. V. Dickinson, of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, a witness for the defence, who had already sworn to the Carews' harmonious wedlock, and to having actually seen the shadowy Annie Luke.

At this point prisoner's counsel demanded to see the letters. This was granted, but when the documents were handed back one had been spirited away! The Court, materialistic as Areopagite Courts are wont to be, did not suspect the occult Annie Luke, but handed Mrs. Carew over to a female searcher, and the lost letter was discovered in the prisoner's sleeve. It is very likely that the particular letter in question was the one which contained this very pretty piece of evidence—that Dickinson used to go to Mrs. Carew's house by signal denoting that "the goodman," as Solomon hath it in a like case, "was not at home," and further that he had urged her to get a divorce on the grounds of infidelity and cruelty (he had testified, you remember, to the happiness of the couple), whereupon he was prepared to marry the divorcee at once. These facts, wrongly, some will say, but inevitably, had great weight with the jury—so far, at least, as we know from telegraphic reports.

The letters purporting to come from Annie Luke were very curious. One, addressed to the prisoner's counsel, ran as follows: "Dead men tell no tales, no, nor dead women either, for I am going to join him. Do you know what waiting means for eight long, weary years? I have watched and waited, waited till he would grow tired of her, that silly little fool; and then I have come to him. What is the result? We, between us, electrify Japan!" Another letter

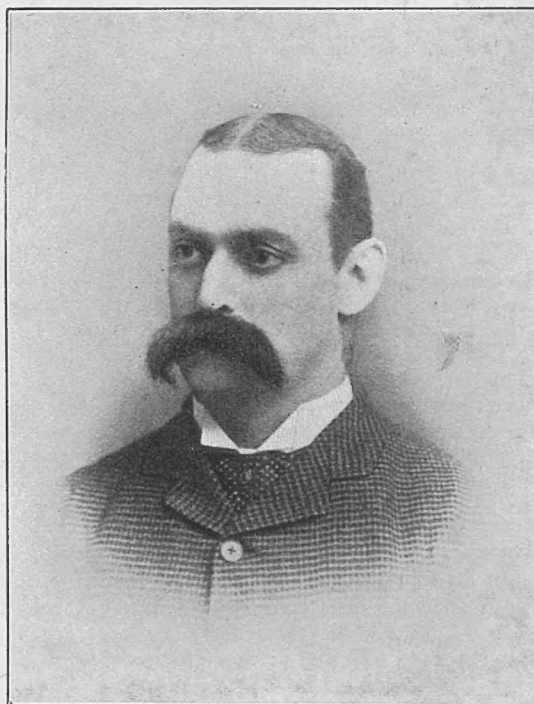
said, "I have bamboozled (1) the chemist, (2) the doctor, and last, not least, that fool his wife." Manifestly a methodical spirit, this "A. L." Mrs. Carew declared that her husband had made an appointment, after the receipt of the first letter, to meet Annie Luke on the Bund, and that shortly before his death he had told her (Mrs. Carew) of his desire to see the woman again and make amends to her. It is a sad story, of which in all likelihood we have not heard the end. Public opinion in Japan is dead against Mrs. Carew, but few, we dare say, will regret that the British Minister has seen fit to commute the death penalty. There is talk, of course, of an inquiry into the state of the prisoner's mind; but if the evidence already adduced is conclusive, it is to be hoped that irresponsible sentiment will be permitted no loophole. The relatives of Mrs. Carew have, of course, the profoundest sympathy not only of Glastonbury and its neighbourhood, but of the public at large.



MISS JACOBS.



MRS. CAREW.



MR. CAREW.

Photographs by A. G. Carlile, Exmouth.



## "DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON," AT THE LYRIC.

Photographs by W. and D. Downey.

The "booming," hissing, and other sounds of disapproval which were very plainly heard, notwithstanding the heartiness of the applause at the fall of the curtain, took me by surprise. I really had expected no sounds would have been audible save those of admiration. That some people might fail to find the piece to their taste was conceivable; but I fancied



MISS LILY HANBURY AS ISHTAR.

that those who were in the habit of expressing their feelings vigorously would have been on the side of Mr. Wilson Barrett. For many years he has been a favourite with London playgoers, and one can easily remember the time when the critics set him very high. Moreover, he has just had a prodigious success, and is making an ingenious effort to repeat it. Why, then, the booing? Each scene had been greeted with unadulterated applause, and all the many beautiful pictures had made their mark. I fancy the truth is that, even though every episode, taken by itself, is well calculated to please the general playgoer, the play, as a whole, lacks real growth and movement, and was played too slowly. Moreover, some comic relief was expected and none given, though the house insisted on treating Mr. Bernage, in a little scene which he played very well, as a comic character.

Those people who had been afraid and who are afraid that there is danger in what they consider an unholy alliance between the stage and the Scriptures may abandon their terror. No doubt, at times one might fancy, if obedient merely to the ears and nose, that a Catholic service was being performed, but the eyes tell that it is merely a case of the Jews indulging in a quasi-devotional song. Of course, I am not suggesting that Mr. Edward Jones ought to have given music that really resembled the efforts of the Jews in the days of the Babylonish captivity. There are reasonable limits, after all, to realism—indeed, I am not sure whether, in the matter of beards, Mr. Barrett has not gone, in some of his characters, a little too close to truth. However, one can easily pardon this, if it be the case, for the sake of the lovely stage-pictures presented. I can recollect nothing so charming of its kind as that of Naomi's Well in the first act, presented in gradually deepening twilight, with groups of picturesque people, delightfully blurred by the dim, greenish atmosphere. Others, no doubt, found the Babylonish pictures more impressive. Yet to me, though possibly they are cleverer in actual painting and contrivance, they seemed less fascinating and imaginative. Indeed, during the first act, I longed for the beautiful speaking of rich verse, and thoughts came of the delightfully poetic "Izcy," which left ineffaceable memories.

I wonder why Mr. Barrett did not set his play in verse, and avoid the difficulty of what amounted almost to the invention of a style of dialogue. Some poet might have collaborated with him, and the play

would have greatly gained. For one cannot help applying to a prose drama a keener logical standard than to one in verse. No doubt this is because true verse casts a glamour over a play. Using this keener standard, one finds that "The Daughters of Babylon"—by the way, which are the *daughters* of Babylon in the play?—is an ambitious work which hardly reaches its aim. The people, despite their names, seem to be our old friends from melodrama, and to have their old habits; and this, unfortunately, grows the more strongly the case as the play draws to its close. When we find that the villain abandons his scheme of revenge for fear lest his fellow citizens, who suspect him, will accept against his word that of a woman who has committed the double crime of becoming a renegade and a Rahab among foreigners, we feel that the standard of serious drama has been utterly relinquished.

I am not sure what the public will think of the Elna of Miss Jeffries. It seems to me the best part she has played in London. The actress, who is really under some disadvantage on account of the style assumed by Miss Lily Hanbury, seems to have adopted, once and for all, a very quiet and reposeful method, which for a part like that of Mercia seemed perfectly suitable, but in "The Daughters of Babylon" gave the idea of an Elna who would have stayed at home and suffered rather than of the strong-willed, impetuous Jewish maiden. However, her method hit one line perfectly, and everyone sympathised with her when she expressed to Lemuel her unwillingness to stay and be stoned needlessly. The line was, perhaps, somewhat unfortunate; it forced one to wonder why the lovers did return, and to wonder fruitlessly.

Miss Lily Hanbury, the Ishtar, seemed determined that no one should accuse her of under-acting, but, after blaming her for a while, I came to the conclusion that she was showing real judgment, and that it would have been good for the play if the other characters had "put their backs into it" a little more. As a piece of pure acting, her work was rough and over-vehement; however, she at least seemed to awaken the play and to draw attention away from the beautiful pictorial effects. Mr. Wilson Barrett appeared to be rather too much in love with his own dialogue. This fault, no doubt, he will cure, and then his admirers should have full pleasure in his work. Mr. McLeay is going to prove one of the most valuable villains of our stage: his Jediah was really fascinating in its grim earnestness of revenge. At first, remembering the clever comic acting of Mr. Ambrose Manning as Glabrio, one laughed a little at his Alorus, but it soon became clear that he was playing a difficult part, of an almost serious character, with much skill and in excellent style. Mr. Charles Hudson was effective in his work. I should like to have seen and heard more of Miss Daisy Belmore and Miss Constance Collier. Certainly Mr. Barrett has a very strong company, as well as a beautifully mounted piece, and I fancy that, if it be played faster and more vigorously, the sounds of disapproval will not again compete with the applause.

MULTO.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS MEROIATH.



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The Leeds property, which is fully licensed as a Theatre of Varieties, and also for the sale of wines, beers, &c., is situated in King Charles Croft, adjoining the Theatre Royal, and within a few yards of the Briggate (one of the principal thoroughfares in Leeds), from which it is separated by the Queen's Arcade. Leeds is one of the most important industrial centres in the Kingdom, and at the last Census, taken in 1891, had a population of upwards of 367,000; at the present time, with the surrounding districts, the population is estimated to be considerably over half a million, chiefly of the classes which patronise entertainments of the kind given at the Tivoli.

The premises to be acquired cover an area of 7770 ft., and have a frontage of 83 ft., with a 16 ft. 6 in. passage forming an extra exit from the balcony. The auditorium is 79 ft. 6 in. wide by 74 ft. deep, and covers an area of 5883 ft., comprising a spacious vestibule, extensive promenades, balcony, boxes, lounge, &c. The stage is very commodious, having a superficial area of 1880 ft., with ample dressing-rooms, and the hall has holding capacity sufficient for 2,000 persons. By the erection of a gallery, this can be considerably increased, and, as the necessary staircases are already partly constructed, the work can be carried out at a small cost, and without encroaching on the present auditorium.

The building was erected about eight years ago in a most substantial manner, and, as the Vendor undertakes to re-decorate, re-furnish, and upholster the hall in a thoroughly up-to-date style, fit it throughout with electric light, and carry out several other important alterations, free of cost to the Company, it will be one of the handsomest and most commodious Variety Theatres in the Kingdom.

The Empire Palace of Varieties, situated in New Street, Hanley, was erected about five years ago, under the superintendence of Mr. Frank Matcham, the well-known theatrical architect, and is an extremely handsome and imposing building. Hanley is the county borough and amusement centre of the Potteries, comprising (within a radius of about three miles) eleven towns, including Stoke-on-Trent, Burslem, Longton, Tunstall, &c., to which there are railway and steam tramway communication, and the Empire is the only Theatre of Varieties in the Pottery district, which has a population estimated at upwards of 300,000.

The Empire has a frontage of 65 ft. to New Street, and has a superficial area of over 4000 ft., with a capacity for about 1500 persons. It is fitted throughout with the electric light (produced by a powerful engine and dynamo, by J. E. H. Andrew and Co.), has four private boxes, dressing-rooms, handsome saloon bars, horse-shoe balcony, and gallery. The building is fully licensed, both as a Theatre of Varieties and also for the sale of wines, spirits, beers, &c. In addition to the freehold property, there is a small portion used as an engine-house, held at a nominal rent of £5 4s. per annum.

The Vendor undertakes to transfer the Freehold Properties, together with the licences, fittings, fixtures, &c., decorated and furnished throughout as first-class Variety Theatres, and fitted with electric light, in accordance with the plans and specifications of the Company's architect, Mr. Harry Percival (architect of the Cambridge, Star, Liverpool, Tivoli, Manchester, &c.), and to pay interest to the Shareholders at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, during such time as it is necessary for the premises to be closed for the purpose of carrying out the alterations.

The highly profitable nature of Variety Theatre Companies is shown by a reference to the following figures, which are obtained from the "Stock Exchange Official List," "Stock Exchange Year-Book," and other authentic sources—

Empire, Sheffield, paid a dividend last year of 20 per cent.			
New Tivoli, London	"	"	19 "
(including bonus)			
Empire, Birmingham	"	"	14 "
London Pavillon (leasehold)	"	"	10 "
Empire, Portsmouth	"	"	10 "
Empire, Edinburgh	"	"	10 "
Alhambra	"	"	15 "

The following are the latest quotations of the Shares of some of the principal Provincial Variety Theatre Companies—

Edinburgh Empire £5 Shares are quoted at £7½ ex-div., or a premium of 55 per cent.  
Birmingham Empire £5 Shares are quoted at £8 13-16, or a premium of 75 per cent.  
Sheffield Empire £5 Shares are quoted at £9 1-16, or a premium of 80 per cent.  
Glasgow Empire £5 Shares (£4 paid) are quoted at £7 3-16 ex-div., or a premium of 80 per cent.  
Cardiff, Newport, and Swansea Empire £5 Shares are quoted at £9½ ex-div., or a premium of 95 per cent.

The Company has secured the services of thoroughly experienced managers, well known in this particular class of business, and excellent and popular entertainments will be provided on the most economical lines consistent with efficiency. Among the Directors are gentlemen occupying seats on the Boards of the Cambridge, Limited, the Liverpool Palace of Varieties, Limited, and the Tivoli, Manchester, Limited, which Companies own some of the most important Variety Theatres in the Kingdom. The great advantage of this arrangement must be apparent to everyone, as not only will this Company have the benefit of the Directors' experience in connection with similar undertakings, but it will enable them (as it is intended to do) to enter into arrangements with artists to appear at the whole of the associated halls on terms much more favourable to the Company than could otherwise be obtained.

With the exception of the Metropolis, the towns in which these halls are situated undoubtedly afford a field of operations quite equal, if not superior, to any of the cities and towns mentioned above, and after taking into consideration the past working and future prospects of the business, and the moderate capital of the Company, the Directors are of opinion that Dividends of from 15 to 20 per cent. will be earned, and that the investment will prove a lasting source of revenue to the Shareholders.

The properties will be taken over from Feb. 15, 1897, from which date all profits and the benefit of all Contracts entered into with artists will accrue to the Company.

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Applications for Shares should be on the form enclosed with Prospectus, and must be forwarded to the Bankers or Secretary of the Company, together with the deposit of 10s. per Share.

## THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

Two oddly contrasting performances complete the list of the Carl Rosa Company's musical achievements in London, and the troupe is now fairly back upon its provincial wanderings. On Wednesday evening an English version of "The Valkyrie" was given, with Mr. Hedmond as Siegmund, Miss Alice Esty as Sieglinde, Miss Rita Elandi as Brünnhilde, Miss Kirkby Lunn as Fricka, and Mr. Ludwig as Wotan. Within certain limits, which will readily suggest themselves, the performance was quite excellent, and well mounted. Miss Esty's Sieglinde was altogether charming, convincing, and sympathetic; in the second act especially she acted with considerable power, and her vocal facility continues ever to improve. Mr. Ludwig's Wotan, again, was quite the most impressive study he has yet given us, serious and dignified. Until the excessive strain of this most arduous part somewhat fatigued his voice, towards the end of the last act, he sang with singular power and propriety. Mr. Hedmond's Siegmund we all, of course, know, and he acted with every ounce of his usual energy and spirit. Miss Elandi's Brünnhilde, at first disappointing and distractingly theatrical, finished up quite triumphantly. The orchestra was exceedingly good. Really, when everything is considered, it was a wonderful and brilliant result. But that is what the Carl Rosa Company is always doing. The easier the opera, the less finished the performance; if an opera really presents overwhelming difficulties, you may be quite sure of a tolerable result.

On Friday evening the only performance given of "The Bohemian Girl" was provided for a somewhat old-fashioned and sympathetic audience. And here, to point my moral, nothing could have been tamer or less effective. All the parts, which, feeble as dramatically they are, yet give golden opportunities for the good old ancestral methods of vocalisation, were poorly and weakly performed. Miss Bessie Macdonald's Arline was pretty enough in manner, but without power or substance, and Mr. Robert Cunningham positively sang as though his voice were veiled. Was this, one wondered, the fine old opera in which tenors finished their songs upon notes that cracked the chandeliers, and sopranos warbled diamonds out of the reluctant pockets of stony-hearted Israelites? And, given tenors who could not crack chandeliers, and sopranos who could not exchange notes for jewels, how vacant, how feeble the production all seemed! Let us not blame the Carl Rosa Company; it at all events proved very conclusively that, without the fortuitous circumstance of roaring, smiting voices, operas of this class can never again win the shouts of applause that once they won; and may "The Bohemian Girl" rest in peace!

## BIRDS AND BIRD-FANCIERS.

It is not enough to keep a few parrots, canaries, and finches to claim membership in the widely spread cult of bird-fancying. To be a real bird-fancier or aviarist, as Dr. W. T. Greene calls them in his little book entitled "Feathered Friends Old and New" (L. Upcott Gill), it is necessary to have not only an aviary in the garden, but cages in every room and corner of the house; to have every household arrangement subservient to your hobby; to speak of birds, think and dream of them, and see after them, whatever becomes of your ordinary daily business. Above all, you must know every bird-dealer's shop from Rye Lane, Peckham, to Islington, and from Clapham to Whitechapel. Professional aviarists are apt to be rather dull when they dilate on their particular pets, but Dr. Greene has managed to give the biographies of sixty-two inhabitants of his aviary, in sixty-two short, interesting, and readable chapters. He had black-headed nuns from Africa; yellow-billed cardinals and monks, or quakers, from South America; cockatoos, parakeets, and lorikeets from Australia; numerous parrots, finches, and waxbills from Africa and America, besides many doves and some half-dozen British birds, such as the starling, the nightingale, and raven. Scattered through those biographies one picks up here and there interesting items which give some indication of the trials and troubles of an aviarist. You ask "someone to be sure and shut the aviary window before dark"; and someone faithfully promises and promptly forgets, with the result that your "feathered guineas" lie dead on the floor next morning. Or perhaps you are in Rye Lane, Peckham, and an innocent-looking festive Amazon parrot shouts to you from the serried ranks of cages by a bird-dealer's door. "Buy, buy, buy! Buy, buy, buy!" in imitation of the butcher next door. You take the budding butcher home with you, and he is meek and mild as a little cherub until the vicar's visit, when all of a sudden he bursts into a fit of profane abuse learned from a Peckham chimney-sweep. The parrot-house at the "Zoo" is the place where such wicked birds are consigned; that is to say, if you fail to convince a friend in the "fancy" that you must part with your greatest and most valued pet because your aviary is overstocked.

Of course, there are some intense pleasures in bird-keeping, but they only come now and again. Some fine morning, perhaps, a bird, hitherto mute, breaks forth in a glorious master song. But then those tiresome diseases—French moulting, rickets, corpulency, apoplexy, fatty liver, convulsions, or, worse still, different bacterial diseases, especially the bacillus of consumption, are evils ever present, and cut short even the most brilliant and promising successes.

#### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixteen (from October 28, 1896, to January 20, 1897) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 193, Strand, London.

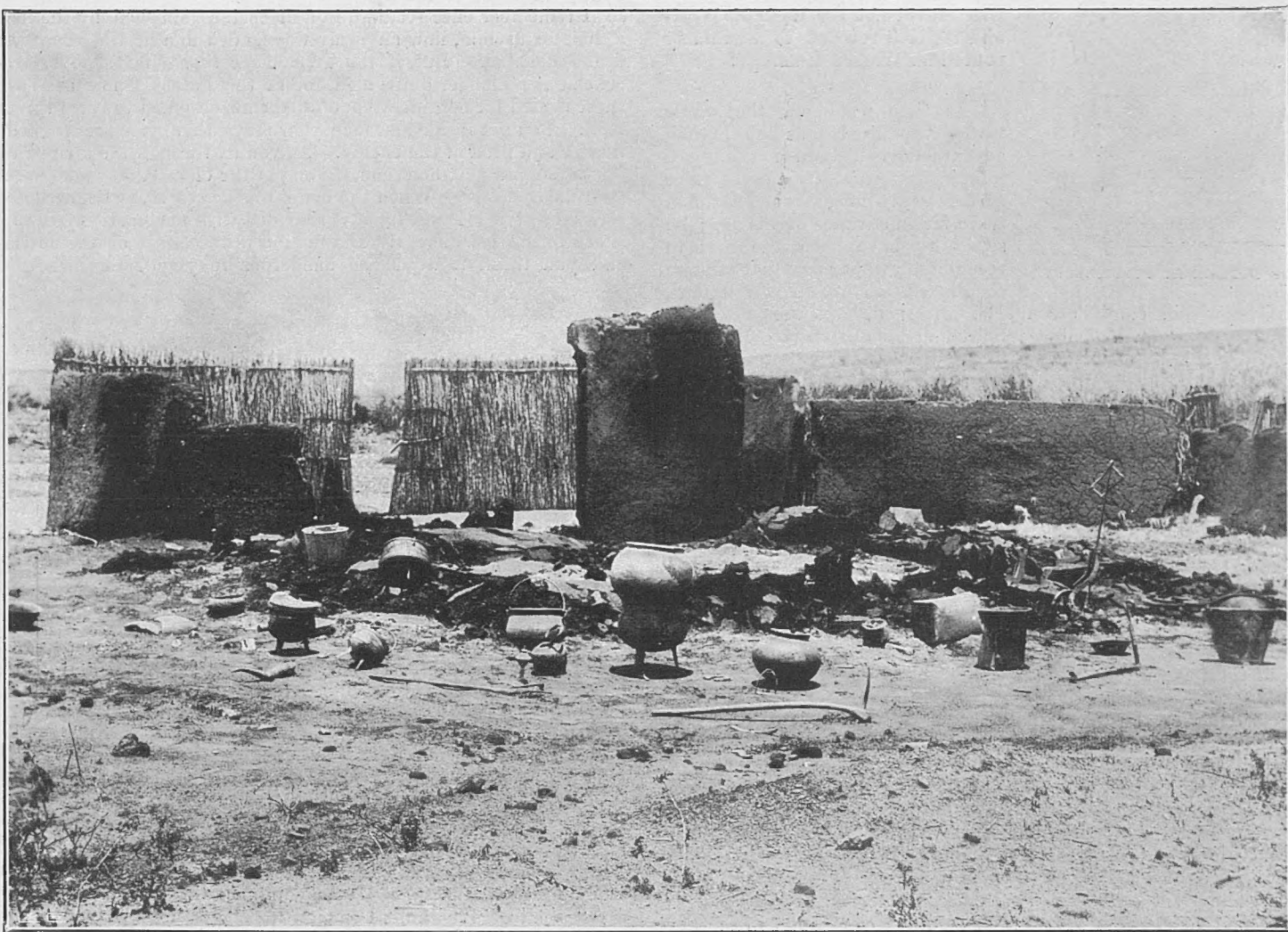


## SMALL TALK.

Courts are of their nature dull; there is no denying the fact. Some are brilliant, some are stately, some are magnificent. It is, as a rule, easy for them to be each or all of these; beyond that they rarely go. How can you draw caricatures in comfort with that oft-quoted fierce light beating about your pencil's end? How can you perpetrate a little joke when your listeners are too dignified to see its point? How can you exercise your wit on your brother sovereign's gait and build if in reply he brings an avenging army to batter at your gates? For such has been the cause of more wars than that which cost the life of the Norman who led your ancestor and my own across the Channel. However, rules are always waiting to be extinguished by their exceptions, and an exception is established in the English Court at Osborne at the present moment. The Countess von Erbach-Schönberg, *née* Princess Marie of Battenberg, is that rare being a woman who has retained all her brilliancy and vivacity, though she is as near fifty years of age as forty. Those who continue to base their social notes on the

whispers say that ere long the claim of Prince Francis to assume that attitude will be yet stronger than it now is.

The recent death of General Sir Robert Phayre recalls perhaps the most prominent event in his Indian career, that celebrated case in which he figured as the supposed victim of the treachery of an Eastern potentate. It was early in 1875 that the most celebrated counsel of his day, the late Serjeant Ballantine, started for India to defend the Gaekwar of Baroda against the charge of the attempted murder of our English Resident, then Colonel Phayre. All England was deeply interested in this eventful trial, and the reports were greedily devoured. The Anglo-Indians appear to have been greatly persuaded of the Gaekwar's guilt; the Serjeant, very naturally, and a large section of the English public, were equally, perhaps, persuaded of his innocence. The Serjeant, in his *Recollections*, speaks of Colonel Phayre as having been "fussy, meddlesome, and thoroughly injudicious," and Lord Northbrook's words, used when dismissing the Colonel from his post, and quoted by the Serjeant, seem to bear out Mr. Ballantine's contention. The trial, as many of my readers will remember, terminated in a kind of Scots



WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO AT BENIN.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK H. HANCOX.

newspapers of a dozen years ago describe her as being as pretty as she is witty, and as accomplished as she is either. Nevertheless, though she is still a good-looking woman, Countess Marie's personal appearance has ceased to be her chief charm, while, as for accomplishments, any one of our Queen's daughters could afford to give her points even after each had set her own leading talent aside. As the companion of an hour, however, no one among them can compare with her. Her lightest word, should she will it, is laughter-compelling; when she pushes back her hair, drops her jaw, and slouches her shoulders, you have the portrait of a certain celebrated statesman before you; when she drones out her words, gives her phrases a particular turn, and complicates her meaning more and ever more, you are reminded of one whose eloquence is long as life. What wonder that when Countess Marie arrives her Majesty ceases to be of those Sovereigns who never smiled again!

With the Countess von Erbach-Schönberg, her brother, Prince Francis of Battenberg, came to Osborne. He does not to any great extent recall to memory the comeliness of the late Prince Henry, far less the princely beauty of Alexander of Bulgaria. In stature, in dignity, in intellectual capacity, he is hardly the equal of others of his house. However, he has an attraction of his own, and his attitude towards her Majesty is, and is encouraged to be, that of a son. Court

verdict of "Not proven," the members of the Commission being equally divided as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, whose person and manner much impressed his English counsel, who notes that he was well described by the *Times of India* as "burly and princely, an Oriental Harry the Eighth in outward semblance." A curious point in this trial was the general belief that diamond-dust is a deadly poison, and there is no doubt that arsenic and "finely powdered siliceous matter" was found in the sediment of the sherbet provided for the Colonel's consumption. A perusal of Serjeant Ballantine's account of this trial leaves an unbiassed reader with the impression that the attempt to poison was made by an enemy of the Gaekwar, who was anxious to saddle that potentate with the guilt of the attempt.

Lord and Lady Francis Hope are staying at Castleblayney, near Dundalk.

A battle-banquet was arranged to be given at Las Palmas by Mr. Alfred L. Jones, the senior partner of Messrs. Elder, Dempster, and Co., to the officers bound for Benin on board the steamer *Bathurst*. The vessel arrived at six o'clock on the morning of Jan. 24, but, as it had to leave early, the banquet had to be abandoned. The invitation to this battle-feast was appropriately printed on blood-red satin.



On both sides of the Channel, Indian men and matters are of absorbing interest. Here all the world is discussing Lord Roberts's Reminiscences; in France they are honouring one of the greatest of his predecessors, Dupleix, whose bicentenary has been celebrated with considerable ceremony at the Sorbonne. Even long after his death the



STATUE OF DUPLEIX AT PONDICHERY.

"Maker of India" was without honour in his own country; indeed, one of the first serious historians who recognised his great services, not only to France, but to the whole Western world, was Macaulay, who pointed out that it was he "who first saw that it was possible to found an Indian Empire on the ruins of the Mogul Monarchy." How strangely India seems to have exercised the evil eye on all those connected with her fortunes! Not only Dupleix, but Lally Tollandal, found disgrace, and even death, where he merited honour. Clive committed suicide in despair at the calamities of his enemies, and, if stones could speak, what could not the walls of Westminster Hall reveal as to the infamy poured on Warren Hastings!

As time went on, the whole world recognised that the French adventurer had been not only a military governor, but a great ruler of men, with a humanity and common sense far in advance of his age; he seems to have been the first to recognise in what sense that strange conglomeration of races, religions,

and empires within empires could be governed, and the latter-day administrators of India have but followed in his footsteps. But how would the French bureaucracy of to-day have dealt with the plague on the one hand, and famine on the other? Would Bombay have become a city of boulevards? Who knows? An Indian Defoe will be able to evolve a whole history out of those seven strange Towers of Silence, which, built in the middle of a lovely garden, are the last resting-place of the Bombay Parsee, until the vultures have reduced him to a skeleton, when the bones are finally placed in a huge pit, which occupies the centre of each tower. In one thing the French and the Indians are strongly in sympathy; that is, in the *culte* paid to their dead. Probably in no place in the world are there so many ways of disposing of the dead as in India. Cremation, albeit in a very rough-and-ready fashion, has always been held in honour among the Hindus, and it is to be hoped that the Bombay Christians and the Mussulmans will follow their example as long as the pestilence ravages the native quarters of the town.

For elasticity in the marriage-tie commend me to the Burmese. This is the outline of the matrimonial career of Mee Doung, as revealed in the Hanthawadi Sessions Court last month. She married, first, Moung Thaw, divorced him and married Shway Thaing, divorced him and married Moung Chit Saya. With so much practice, the lady ought to have known her own mind, but some vacillation characterised her proceedings with number three: she divorced him (Moung Chit Saya would, I imagine, have looked for that as a matter of course), changed her mind and married him again, thought worse of it, and gave him his *congé* a second time. The *decree nisi* is a cheap commodity in the Far East. I am told that, if a couple wish to separate, they mention the



THE TOWERS OF SILENCE AT BOMBAY.

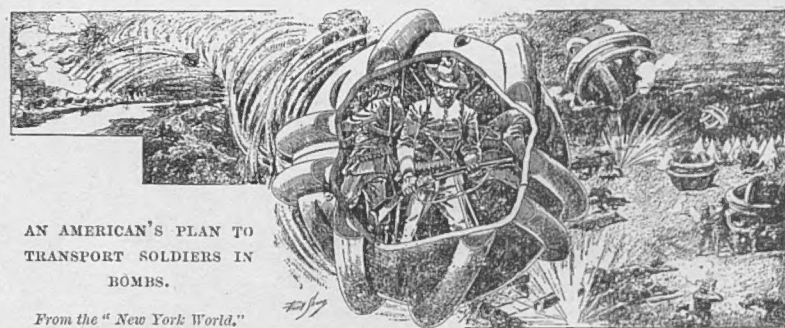
fact to the headman of the village, and part without more ado. Mee Doung's career is remarkable, as divorce, perhaps by reason of its very simplicity, is comparatively rare in Burma.

I always keep a sharp eye upon the numberless dazzling gems of American theatrical criticism. Here are two or three of the latest.

Miss May Harvey's work with Mr. Hare's company is censured as being "far too English, you know," one wise judge referring to "ultra-English oddities of pronunciation" that at times render "her lines incomprehensible." But why shouldn't an English girl, appearing in an English piece, talk real English, and not English-American?

Rather tardily, it seems, as is the fashion in such matters, a scheme has now been set on foot for erecting in New York a statue in memory of the fearless and intrepid War Correspondent, J. A. MacGahan, whose exploits in Central Asia, and splendid work for the *Daily News* during the Bulgarian War, will always cause him to be ranked with O'Donovan, Archibald Forbes, Melton Prior, and other famous War Correspondents and Special Artists. MacGahan's remains were brought back to his native Ohio six years after his interment at Scutari, and it is strange that a dozen more years should have elapsed before the effective promulgation of this further plan for doing him honour. Various prominent American journalists are managing the arrangements for the proposed memorial, an appeal for support has been issued to the Press and public of the United States, and an appropriate design, showing MacGahan seated in his campaigning attire, has been prepared by Mr. Charles H. Niehaus, an American sculptor of reputation. But why make the movement so exclusively transatlantic?

I remember once reading, in a magazine published by the inmates of a lunatic asylum, how an army was landed in a hostile country from a flying-machine. But, if the *New York World* is to be believed, this scheme is no longer quite mad, for at the Patent Office at Washington there is filed for consideration a war-bomb, designed to carry three or four men. You get inside and take your seat; then you are packed into a mortar and fired at the enemy. As you fly through the air you can peep out through a port-hole, and, if you get the chance, may take pot-shots at your amazed foes. When the bomb touches earth, it bounces along in a series of flying leaps, for it is provided with pneumatic tyres to prevent shock to the passengers! If you land in the midst of the hostile camp, and you think it would be dangerous to play Jack-in-the-Box, stay



AN AMERICAN'S PLAN TO TRANSPORT SOLDIERS IN BOMBS.

From the "New York World."

where you are: the shell forms a miniature fort, so that an Englishman's bomb is his castle; if the coast is clear, you may chip your shell—it opens in halves—and step out "to plunder and to ravish." Passengers by bomb carry food for two or three days, and lights for dark nights, a few guns, and one or two other nicknacks. Now, if Jules Verne had arranged this business, he'd have made the passengers carry a collapsible mortar to blow themselves home with if their reception by the enemy were too warm.

Two new sixpenny periodicals of a very different character made their appearance last week. The first is mysteriously entitled *J. C. R.*, which an Oxford blood of my acquaintance tells me is the dot-and-dash contraction for the Junior Common Room. The magazine is a somewhat slim large octavo, with a murky cover on which all the towers of "the city of gleaming spires" are huddled together as if enveloped in a London fog. A capital reproduction of a portrait of the Union celebrity, Mr. R. A. Johnson, of New, is given away with the first number. In the current issue of the rival *Isis*, Mr. Arthur Roberts is interviewed. As a useful antidote to this new-comer, *Trade and Industry* has been issued. The first number contains a very elaborate survey of the commercial progress achieved during the Victorian era, in every possible direction. From this article, which must have taken a great deal of trouble to compile, I summarise some statistics, which will show you at a glance the extraordinary advances made by Britain during the Victorian era—

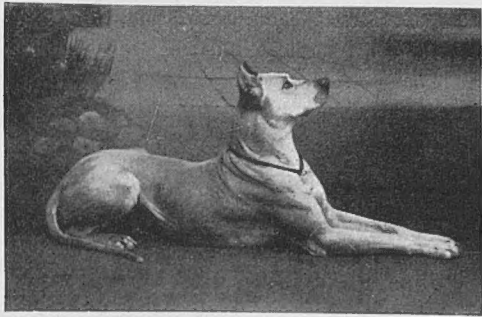
	1837.	1896.
United Kingdom Population ... ..	25,650,000	38,104,975
United Kingdom Wealth ... ..	£4,050,000,000	£12,000,000,000
per head	£150	£300
Effective British Soldiers ... ..	101,580	718,821
Sailors ... ..	26,500	93,750
British Navy ... ..	196	439

"Made in England" is the motto of the new journal, which is admirably illustrated.

The preparations for the Longest Reign continue to occupy a great deal of attention. In view of the great event, Messrs. Skeffington, of Piccadilly, have issued a series of "hymns for use during 1897, being the sixtieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria." The second hymn, "God of Supreme Dominion," by S. J. Store, is founded on a phrase from a *Times* leader! You may buy the collection from a halfpenny to a shilling.



Bosco Colonia, the property of Mr. Louis Dobbemann junior, of Rotterdam, the pride of the German kennels, and, perhaps, the most beautiful Great Dane in existence, will shortly make his début in England at Cruft's Show. His career at the various Continental ones



BOSCO COLONIA.  
Photo by Schzel, Rotterdam.

has been phenomenally successful. He was born in July 1894, and was bred by Mr. Köhnlein out of Flora by Mr. Hartenstein's Primas. In 1895 Bosco was exhibited by Mr. Herker at Amsterdam, and scored a first award in the puppy class. Soon afterwards he changed owners and became the property of Mr. Esser, of Cologne, with whom his successes as a show-dog continued, and no matter where he

appeared he created a sensation. At Heidelberg he was awarded firsts in the Novice and Senior classes, the Honour prize, and Champion prize. In Berlin he got a first, and the Honour prize in the Champion class for being the best dog in the exhibition. At Spa and Munich he again scored, at the latter exhibition taking three firsts and the Honour prize for the best Great Dane in the show. Last November he was imported into Holland by Mr. Louis R. H. Dobbemann, of Rotterdam, who presented him to his son. This importation must be of immense value to the Great Dane breeders of Holland, especially to those who have the Hartenstein and Ulrich strains.

Bosco's colouring is very uncommon; it is a light apricot, or silvery fawn, with black nose, and it makes the dog look, when in repose, as if he were sculptured out of stone. His muscular power is great; he is able to sit on his hind-quarters like a poodle, then lift himself up on his hind legs only, and jump round on them—an extraordinary feat for a large dog. Besides being unrivalled in external beauty, Bosco is gifted with unusual mental capacities, which seem to be fully appreciated by his present master. He is a household pet, and while enjoying all the luxuries of happy home life, proves himself a splendid watch-dog, and a guard to his master in the office and in the street. In the house Bosco is quiet and gentle in all his movements; but when taken for a country ramble he will run over the fields like a foal, and jump hedges and ditches like a greyhound. He follows the bicycle with the perseverance of a fox-terrier, and never seems to get tired.

Donnie II., Captain MacMahon's beautiful and most intelligent black-and-tan dachshund, is, without doubt, the most travelled dog of the day. He has traversed land and sea, crossed deserts and mountain ranges, visited many strange countries, and been, with his master, the hero of many deeds of endurance and adventure. In May 1893, Donnie was sent out to India, to Captain MacMahon, by those well-known dachshund owners and breeders, Captain and Mrs. Barry, he being then about seven months old (he was born on Sept. 18, 1892). The sea-voyage, and then the land-journey by rail, in a period of extreme heat, through Sind to Beluchistan, were no small test of the endurance of what was only a puppy; but Donnie came through it triumphantly, and had no sooner recovered from his fatigue than he again recommenced his travels—this time on horseback, a feat to which he seemed to take by instinct. He accompanied his master on long riding tours through Zhob and other parts of Beluchistan to Simla; and from Peshawur to Cabul, with the Durand Mission, being, for the time he remained there, one of the most important personages in the Afghan capital. In the spring of 1894, on Captain MacMahon's appointment as British Commissioner of the Beluch-Afghan Boundary Commission, Donnie explored with his master all through the Gomal Valley up to the Afghan frontier. Here dog and master remained for over a year, enduring together extremes of heat and cold, and hardships and privations, known to very few men or animals.

lets him leap over obstacles with perfect equanimity, and feels more at home there than when on the show-bench or in the judges' ring—an experience he has gone through since his last return to England. Donnie will, in all probability, be one of the attractions of Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, next month. He is by Jay out of Jocoss, both well-known dachshunds; he was bred by Mr. Harry Jones. The picture represents Donnie on his wanderings with the Beluch-Afghan Boundary Commission, when he is wearing his winter travelling-coat. Standing near him is Rufus, a splendid thoroughbred Afghan deer-hound, given to Captain MacMahon by the Afghan Boundary Commissioner.

A flood of correspondence is so sure to follow any hint of a new and remunerative occupation that I rather hesitate—but perhaps I may risk it. For the last thirty-nine years the Dublin Zoological Society has made an average annual income of over one hundred and twenty pounds by the sale of lions bred in their gardens. Their last report refers with pardonable pride to the fact that, since 1857, they have realised £4760 by the disposal of young stock from their lion-house. Leoculture is an industry which fairly bristles with alluring possibilities to the enterprising stock-raiser who finds cattle- and sheep-breeding a trifle slow, but it is a business into which I recommend very careful inquiry prior to embarkation therein. The success of the Dublin Society excels that of any kindred institution in Europe; the Dublin lion-house, by the same token, is popularly regarded as the most malodorous spot in a city possessing more than its share of smells. I was talking about this to one of the first naturalists of the day, and was proud to find he agreed with me that an atmosphere we regard as insanitary may probably be found bracing and healthful by lions. When you think of it, the surroundings of young carnivores in a state of nature cannot be remarkable for their purity and sweetness, and the appalling flavour of the Dublin lion-house perhaps approximates faithfully to the atmosphere of a leonine nursery.

A startling theory has been promulgated by a gentleman who is recognised as an authority on fishery matters. It is notorious that salmon-poaching is rife on Irish salmon-rivers during the spawning season, and that the authorities display little activity in putting it down, to the increasing indignation of anglers. The poacher's *modus operandi* is simplicity itself; he arms himself with a gaff or with a meat-hook spliced to a stick, and snatches the spawning fish from the beds or gravelly shallows where they lie to deposit their ova. The gentleman above referred to has come to the conclusion that the poachers do more good than harm, and he explains it thus: Gravid hen salmon are so active and alert that the men catch five cock fish for one female; an excess of old male salmon in a river is not more conducive to sport than is an excess of old cock grouse on a moor; therefore the fishing actually benefits by the poacher's operations. This daring authority has been angling in Ireland for half a century, and for five seasons helped Frank Buckland to net spawning-beds, an experience which leads him to wish that netting might be legalised for no other purpose than the destruction of old male fish. He may be quite right, of course; but the angling fraternity have fallen upon him, tooth and nail, for a poacher's advocate.

I am glad to hear that Miss Mabel Beardsley, the artist's sister, who looked so charming in "The Queen's Proctor" at the Royalty, has, instead of coming back with the Bouchiers from America, joined Mr. Richard Mansfield's company. I think this is wise, for in a repertoire troupe she will get just that amount of experience which is almost impossible at a London theatre. I wonder why Mr. Mansfield does not try a season here again.



SOME FAR-TRAVELLED DOGS.



Last week I gave you the portrait of the Liverpool centenarian, and now comes the picture of Mrs. Gray, the Chatham centenarian, who is now one hundred and three.



MRS. GRAY.

Photo by Graham, Chatham.

Mrs. Gray recently received from Mr. Davies, the member for Chatham, an allowance of ten shillings a-week, commencing from her one hundred and third birthday. Mr. Ernest Bliss, a director of Mellin's Food, son of an old Rochester family, seeing a paragraph in a London paper about the old lady aged one hundred and three years receiving an annuity from Mr. Davies, has most generously augmented this allowance by a similar amount, namely, ten shillings a-week.

Scotland can't complain this year that it has not seen winter. Aberdeenshire has been little short of a Siberia for weeks, trains being buried in snow-drifts, and having to be cut out. Under such conditions the Scot has had a

good spell of winter sports. Loch Leven, for instance, has been crowded with skaters, and the championship has just been contested. It is only two years since a Scottish branch of the National Skating Association was formed at Kinross, with Loch Leven as its headquarters. The One Mile Scottish Championship was first skated on Loch Leven in 1895, when Mr. W. Pollock Wylie, the well-known Glasgow journalist, who is hon. secretary to the branch, defeated Mr. John Bayne junior, Kinross. The two again tried their strength this season, along with Mr. Howkins, Kennoway. Bayne reached the winning-post in 3 min. 46 sec., Mr. Wylie being fifteen yards behind. Mr. Howkins started well, but was unable to maintain his pace, and finished in 3 min. 59½ sec. Mr. Bayne was afterwards declared champion, though Mr. Wylie protested that he was a professional.

I hear curlers have had a merry time, and for the twenty-first bonspiel of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club at Carsebreck, between the North and the South, special trains were run from Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the Hamilton districts. Of the 281 double rinks entered, 246 put in an appearance. The number was by far the biggest on record at Royal Caledonian gatherings. At the first, played at Penicuik in January 1847, only twelve rinks competed. The match resulted thus—South, 4148; North, 3242—a majority of 906 in favour of the

South. The players, who included Lord Balfour of Burleigh, numbered considerably over two thousand. Of spectators and skaters there were at least as many, so it is safe to calculate that more than four thousand people were on the ice for most of the afternoon.

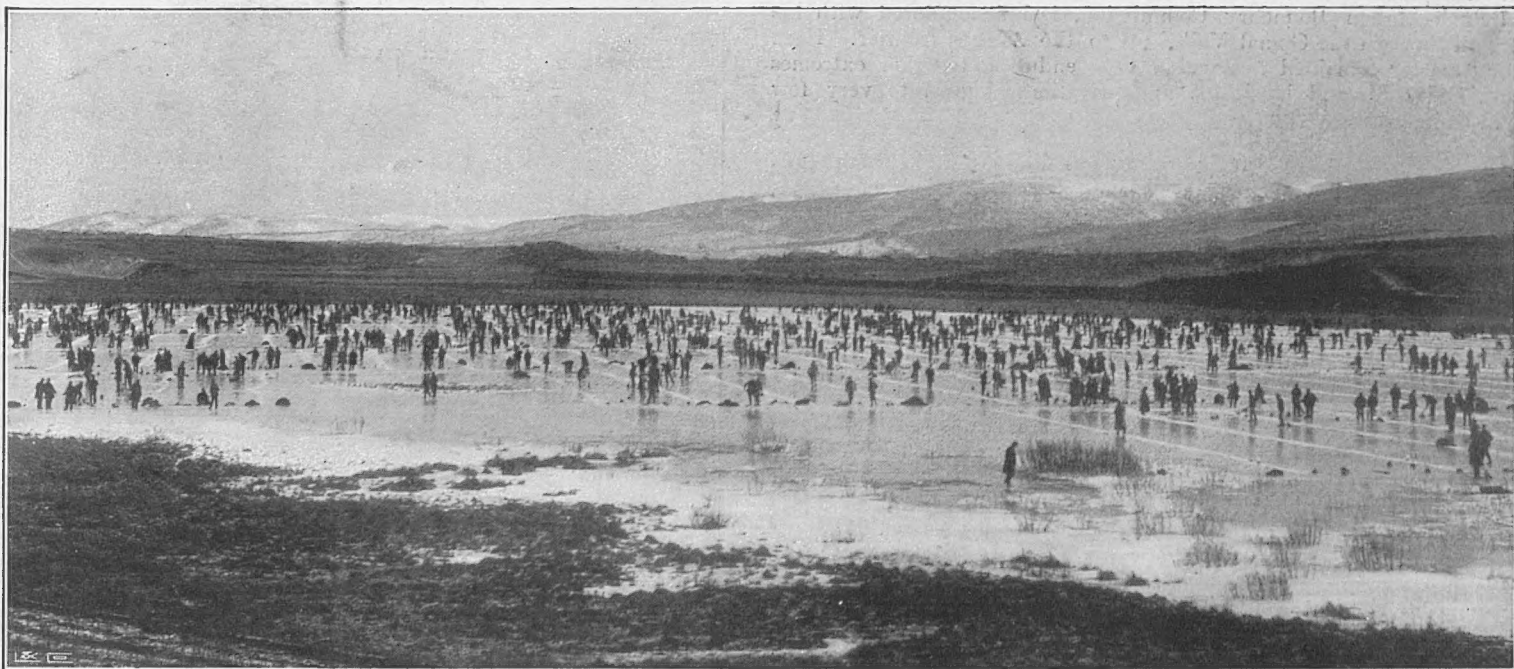
By the resignation of Sir George Trevelyan the House of Commons is poorer than it was in literary interest. Few members remain who are his equals in scholarship and literature. On his own bench he has left Mr. John Morley and Mr. Bryce, below the Gangway there is Mr. Justin McCarthy, and on the other side are Professor Jebb and Mr. Lecky. As nephew of Lord Macaulay, Sir George Trevelyan fulfilled a natural as well as a political duty in writing the Whig historian's biography, but his literary reputation was based on his fine fragment of the Life of Charles James Fox, and regret at his withdrawal from Parliament is tempered by a hope that the picture of Fox's times may now be completed. As a politician, Sir George's weakness lay in his sensitiveness. Too delicate in spirit for "the rack of this tough world," he wore his heart on his sleeve—a peculiarly risky habit for a Parliamentarian. One who heard his outcry will never forget the agony with which, when driven to bay by the Nationalists during his Irish régime, he exclaimed that, while he was an Irish Secretary, he was also an English gentleman!

In view of his liking for liberal studies and social pleasures, the wonder is that Sir George Trevelyan remained so long in Parliament. He is exceedingly fond of country life. It was only a patriotic zest for public affairs which kept him at St. Stephen's. In the hot Parliamentary Lobby he pined for a glimpse of Nature. This could only be had, he used to say, by playing truant. Some years ago he made a gallant though forlorn effort to induce Parliament to alter its habits and rise always at the beginning of July. Sir George wished to spend July, as he confided to the House of Commons, in fishing and sailing—"in driving over Alpine passes, and walking on Alpine pastures." To attain "that laborious, that invidious, that closely matched slavery which is marked with the name of power," members sacrifice a variety of personal tastes. The sacrifice paid to public life which Sir George felt most keenly was the foregoing of the pleasures of his garden, in which he finds as great a charm as his beloved Marvell.

MR. JOHN BAYNE,  
THE SCOTS SKATING CHAMPION.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH CURLING.

Photo by Brown, Fernhelea, Lanark.

HOW THE GREAT CROWD AT CARSEBRECK LOOKED WHEN THE BONSPIEL WAS PLAYED.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN, FERNHELEA, LANARK.



TOBOGGANING.

*Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.*



GOING DOWN IS SPLENDID.

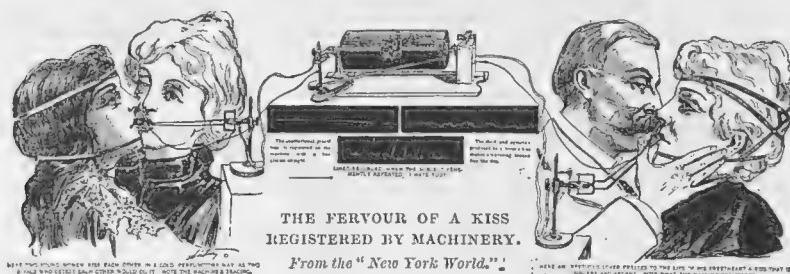


COMING UP IS ANOTHER MATTER, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE CRUST OF THE SNOW BREAKS.



A hundred years hence, I suppose, man will still be swearing at the *matinée-hat*. What reason is there to believe that lovely woman will ever mend her ways in this particular? The most flagrant illustration of her callousness is given by "G. B. S." in his article on the Drury Lane pantomime. "Let me add, as a touching example of the maternal instinct in Woman (bless her!), that the performance I witnessed was an afternoon one, and that, though the house was packed with boys and girls trying to get a good peep at the stage, I never saw the *matinée-hat* in grosser feather and foliage. The men, on the other hand, took their hats off, and sacrificed themselves to the children as far as they could. Brutes!" The point of this is a little marred by the fact that men almost invariably remove their hats in a theatre for their own comfort, and not in deference to the feelings of other people, large or small. But, if women will wear huge hats at morning performances of the pantomime, utterly regardless of the children to whom they are nominally devoted, what, in heaven's name, is the good of expecting them to reform?

I admit that on one occasion I had the courage to request a lady sitting in front of me to remove her hat, and that (greatly to my astonishment) she complied. It was not done with a good grace. The fair delinquent looked very sulky indeed, as if she repented her concession. She was very young, and I dare say the suddenness of my address startled her into an act of courtesy. Another time she will be prepared to deal with the monstrous pretensions of man as they deserve. You will observe that, although women are perfectly alive to the annoyance they create, they show not the slightest disposition to yield. Many of them, I believe, enjoy the flutter of distracted male spectators who cannot see the stage through the obelisks and cupolas and pagodas which mount guard on feminine heads. Some women, no doubt, would wear reasonable hats if fashion permitted. There's the rub! What do the arbiters of fashion care about the little boys at the pantomime who are sad because a jungle of feathers prevents them from seeing the clown at his most side-splitting moment? Was public





Women often rail at the deceitfulness of men, but was there ever such an innocent as Mr. Jesse Curling? He draws an income from a millinery business, and he has nothing to do but run about town and write cheques, yet he believed that artists' models are always accompanied to studios by chaperons. When he took a fancy to a model, he engaged



MISS FITZPATRICK.  
Photo by Barrauds, Liverpool.

a gentleman with military moustaches to find out the state of her feelings about him. The military adviser had to put him into a cab and take him to what he called "the licence place," and even to give him practical instruction in the art of buying an engagement-ring. Never was there such a simple-minded young man as Mr. Curling. He wanted to see Miss Fitzpatrick's parents; but he got no further in this quest than the Manchester Directory, in which he found "hundreds of Fitzpatricks." When he learned that models have no chaperons, and that they sometimes sit for "the altogether," he was as pained as if he had been Mr. Horsley, R.A. In vain did Miss Fitzpatrick assure him that

she never sat like Trilby. The nude in art had, so to speak, floored his moral consciousness; and he ran up and down Regent Street, signing cheques, like a man in a dream. Of course, such a defendant in a breach of promise case had no chance with a British jury; but I hope somebody more expert than the man with the military moustaches will take Mr. Curling in hand, and mitigate his embarrassing simplicity without forcing him to sign another cheque for damages. My modesty is not shocked by "the altogether," but it blushes painfully at the spectacle of such artlessness as Mr. Curling's.

I have received a letter from a Mr. R. A. Skues, of Pitkin, Colorado, apropos of the pictures I gave dealing with the American Presidential election. Mr. Skues is very angry. He says—

If the people of Great Britain understood the silver question, they would make the Parliament dance to the music of the silver band, or they would soon let them know the reason why. You have robbed India as no country was ever robbed before, and your "honest money" men are robbing the British farmer and landholder before their eyes, and yet they cannot see it. Lombard Street rules Great Britain, and has brought her down in the roll of honour among nations, and until the people realise it the fraud will continue, and, as every effort is made by the Press to lie to the people, it will take them a long time to find out how they are being worked; but silver will come here and nothing can stop it, and then the "honest money" (?) thieves in Great Britain will have to give up pillaging India and the world in general, and the farmer and producer will have some chance to live.

Standing out amid the true romances of the sea is the story of Pitcairn Island, colonised—if the word can be used in such a connection—in the eighteenth century by the mutineers of the *Bounty*, a craft which is probably still roaming about as a derelict in the Pacific Ocean. For twenty-five long years the mutinous crew, who had become in the meanwhile husbands of Tahitian women, and fathers of half-caste families, disappeared. When they were finally discovered, it was found that John Adams, the former ringleader and only survivor of the band, had not only converted the island to Christianity, with the assistance of two Bibles brought ashore by his fellows, but that he had taught all the children to talk, read, and write English. The two volumes were taken to America by the captain of a whaling-ship, and they have since been regarded as relics of inestimable value. It is said that ultimately one of them will be deposited with the London Bible Society. The other, a shabby little book, worn with much usage, has already found a permanent resting-place in the Connecticut Historical Society.

Under the auspices of the Maccabæan Society in general, and of Mr. Herbert Bentwitch in particular, an interesting tour will take place in April and May. Some thirty ladies and gentlemen—the order is one of courtesy rather than numbers—will leave London early in April for Marseilles, thence to Alexandria, Cairo, and the Pyramids, thence to Jaffa and Jerusalem. The first Passover holidays will be spent in Jerusalem, and when the middle days come the party will proceed to the North, travelling by horse, mule, or palanquin, according to taste and capacity. Innumerable places of interest will be visited, including Nazareth, the colonies of European settlers inspected, and the party will eventually arrive at Damascus. Thence the pilgrims will proceed to Beirut, and return to England, home, and hearty welcome, *via*

Constantinople and the Piræus. The entire journey is planned to take between five and six weeks, and will be of deep and abiding interest. Although there must be the element of the unexpected that always enters into a pioneer excursion, there are all the accompanying credit and novelty attaching, and these elements will be wanting after the first journey. Arrangements have been in active progress since the autumn of last year, and are only now quite complete.

There are many reasons why such a pilgrimage should command an amount of interest denied to the average excursion into parts unknown. The men going number in their ranks some most eminent scholars and writers; the path chosen is full of historical interest; the time selected is one very favourable for the observation of many sacred rites connected with the Easter and Passover period. To the Jews themselves, I venture to think, the interest is virtually unbounded, because it is the ardent wish of every pious Israelite to see the Holy City and the site of the Temple, to recite his prayers within the City walls, to be buried within their shadows. And there is something of a practical interest attaching to the journey, for the material for a Palestine Exhibition will very probably be gathered. Enthusiasts have come from so far as Germany to join the pilgrims. By the way, these pilgrims will not do so very badly; their comfort has been catered for on a scale of positive luxury, and nothing that can add to the pleasure of the journey has been forgotten by the far-seeing gentleman who is primarily responsible for the scheme. I fancy that the interest taken in the matter will not be limited to the Jewish community.

The energetic Mr. H. Drummond writes me with regard to "whot Mr. Austin sez, in hiz 'Notes,' on speling"—

He asks us to imajin the mudel ov the poor infants between fonetic speling and the existing orthografy, and then concludez that it iz a "forlorn experiment." I hav before me Dr. Martin's report ov an actual experiment ov fonetic speling in Portlaw Schoolz, Ireland. Ther woz no mudel. It woz reseevd with joy by the teecheرز, and les distaste by the scolarz. The plan adopted woz to put the children thru a coars ov fonetics for aiteen munths, and then hav recoars to the romanic sistem ov speling for a like period, with this result: The children wer beter reederz and spelerz than thoaz hu had been taut twice the time in the romanic method alone. The inspector exprest hiz unkwoledged satisfacsion with the plan and its rezults, admiting aul advanst for the sistem had been establisht. This, at leest, cannot be termd a "forlorn experiment."

Have you seen Biondi, and if not, why not? He is a very clever fellow—actor, ventriloquist, quick-change artist, and impersonator. I fancy he will set the fashion in London of this entertainment. America and Paris know all about it already. On the night of his first appearance at the Tivoli, the Empire had one Bernardi to give a similar show, but it was a case of Biondi first and the rest nowhere. He gives first a song that nobody understands; secondly, a very clever sketch, in which he doubles the parts of an old music professor and a young girl pupil; then a sketch in which he takes five characters, changing his dress with marvellous rapidity, and allowing his voice to follow suit—or dress, as the case may be. Finally, he goes into the orchestra and makes up in the guise of ten different composers—a really clever piece of work. I think that such a turn as this is the best sort of variety, since it calls so many gifts into play, and makes a fair demand upon the intelligence of the audience. Frigoli, the American, brought this style of work into prominence, and did so well at it that he asks fifty pounds a-night to come and show London his gifts. Now, although America will readily pay fifty pounds a-night for an English favourite, the converse of the position does not hold good. London will not return the compliment. Consequently, Frigoli remains outside the radius, and Biondi, who was for many years dresser to Frigoli, is now sharing with Sandow the principal honours of the Syndicate Halls.



THE MISSES NELLY AND MAGGIE BOWMAN AS THE BABES IN THE WOOD.  
AT THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.

Photo by Lafayette, Manchester.



Miss Madge Ellis, the young lady who has scored so substantially over the renowned Mr. and Mrs. Reed, most keen-sighted of Puritans, is by birth a New Yorker, though of British parentage. At sixteen—



MISS MADGE ELLIS.

Photo by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street, W.

not very long ago, by the way—Miss Ellis was in Lillian Russell's opera company, and the following season was receiving a thorough dramatic training under Madame Modjeska. Two years later she made her début in vaudeville at Proctor's Theatre in her native city, scoring an immediate success, which has followed her uninterruptedly through a continuous series of engagements on that and on this side of the water. Miss Ellis has played in all the principal vaudeville theatres of the States and Canada, achieving her greatest hit at the American Roof Garden, New York, where she was the chief attraction during the summer of 1895. Last August she was engaged under exclusive contract at the Oxford. There she won distinction not only by what she did, but by what she did *not* do. Miss Ellis's performances were a complete success and pleased everybody, until the fateful night when the Reeds prowled in and saw what was not to be seen, or rather, believed they did not see what was to be seen right enough. To be plain, the agents of the Social Purity Society fancied that they could see Miss Madge Ellis's legs, but not her stockings. Accordingly they were instant in season before the L.C.C. to aver that the artist had appeared in her fleshings without the "ings."

This discovery turned out to be the spring of woes unnumbered to the Reeds of more than Röntgen eye. They had seen X, an unknown quantity—nay, a quantity that did not even exist—and so Miss Ellis very properly "had the law of them." The matter was settled out of Court, Miss Ellis receiving substantial damages (the precise amount she prefers to keep dark, like her legs), and an apology so humble and contrite that one fears to exult over it, lest we be breaking the bruised reed, and so violating that Christian charity in which the stage doth chiefly delight. And, when all is said and done, would it have been so very terrible if an artist had appeared de-stockinged? Surely there is a great precedent. But this, of course, does not lighten the offence of irresponsible Puritans. Their sins are manifold, chiefly the insinuation, of disgusting ingenuity, regarding "La Source." That the Reeds have been made to pay through the nose, albeit for a lighter offence, is a decided score to Miss Ellis's pluck. This clever young lady is engaged for all the halls in London and the provinces, where she will, no doubt, popularise herself and her songs still further, even as she has given lustre to "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley" and "Her Golden Hair," on which, by the way, Mr. Mercer Adam gives a series of very clever imitations of well-known players in front of "Pierrot's Dream," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. His imitation of Mr. Blakeley is intensely realistic

and amusing. If the Reeds object to Miss Ellis, I wonder what they would think of the ladies at the Brighton pantomime, who dance the *pas de quatre* produced on this page?

I fancy that this year will see a further vanishing of the valentine. The sufferer thereby rises before my vision—

*A disregarded starving Bard  
For whom the Times have proved too hard—  
Thus ran the legend on the card*

*I read.  
The bearer looked so worn and chill,  
I asked him if he were not ill.  
He only shook his head and said,  
"Prince Valentine is dead!"*

*"Yet February's Fourteenth Day  
Comes round again each year like May.  
Then wherefore not the roundelay?"*

*I pled.  
"When Valmond came to Pontiac,  
Romance was king; but now, alack!  
Poor prose goes forth instead," he said—  
"And Valentine is dead!"*

*"And thus it is the Muses Nine—  
Mæcenas once to me and mine—  
Decline to turn the rhythmic line  
You dread.  
They disappeared before the dame  
Who struck the keynote shrill that came  
From 'out of Bodley Head," he said—  
"And Valentine is dead!"*

*"Alack! good sir, the stirring time  
When Cupid in his pretty prime  
Inspired the lovers' rosy rhyme  
Has fled;  
And men and maids no longer woo  
In quite the way they used to do;  
"They're chary now to wed," he said,  
"And Valentine is dead!"*

*"And I who worked the Muses' spell  
For soulless beau and tuneless belle,  
Am left with wares that do not sell  
For bread.  
My cap and bells are laid aside,  
And melancholy tatters hide  
A heart whence gladness sped," he said,  
"When Valentine was dead."*



A PAS DE QUATRE AT THE BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL.

Photo by W. and A. H. Fry, Brighton.



THE BOOK OF RUTH.

*Illustrated by Gilbert James.*



RUTH THE MOABITESS.

And Boaz said to his servant that was set over the reapers, Whence comest thou?



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent debates in the House of Commons on Lord Penrhyn and his quarrymen, and in the Senate of the United States on the Arbitration Treaty, might be taken as object-lessons on modern politics. They should serve to prove the truth which a democracy learns with the most difficulty and forgets with the greatest ease—namely, that a mob is not capable of diplomacy, and should not be entrusted with any affair of any delicacy. And every so-called deliberative assembly is really a mob—or rather, two mobs.

The quarry dispute was one in which an unofficial, and still more an unofficial, mediator might have done much good. The capitalist and the labourers were both exceptionally good specimens of their class—the former liberal, the latter industrious. The quarrel was over a point of honour, rather than of vital interest. But, first, the Board of Trade must needs interfere and embroil matters; and, next, the matter must be brought before Parliament, which has nothing to do with it and can do absolutely nothing with regard to it. Members of Parliament have

the United States, except as a question of sentiment; and when England agrees to arbitrate not only on this, but all other causes of dispute, within carefully devised limits, these same Senators wish to insert provisions making the Treaty a ridiculous piece of nonsense. Arbitration is not to be resorted to, except by special agreement, in matters affecting the home or foreign policy of either State! It is a pity that the framers of this precious amendment did not explain what disputes could possibly come outside this definition. It is something like the famous restriction of Papal infallibility to “questions of faith and morals.” The department of human life and thought which does *not* touch faith and morals, or belief and conduct, may be restricted to the domain of pure mathematics.

One sees the motive of this feeling in the Senate. It is the suspicion and cowardice natural to a mob. Almost all the arbitrations between England and the United States have resulted in favour of the latter; and one would think that, if any Power should have apprehensions as to future arbitrations, it should be Great Britain. But vague suspicion and causeless hatred are too strong for individual reason. There must be a trap *somewhere*. The arbitrator chosen in the Treaty is the King of



“WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.”—C. D. GIBSON.

abused Lord Penrhyn as considerably worse than a pickpocket, when he is merely a benevolent but somewhat obstinate gentleman; others have charged the men with ingratitude for simply looking after their own interests; and it is all the inane gabble of a mob. All the verbal “slatings” hurled across the floor of the House could only avail to retard the material slating of houses and billiard-tables, and to reduce our rising scholars to the necessity of doing their sums on something made abroad.

In fact, as must be obvious to an observer of any impartiality, the House of Commons would have been far better employed in doing what, according to a traditional undergraduate, St. Paul did in his sermon at Athens, “crying out for the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians!” Parliament would be a very bad place for trying and deciding cases of public interest; it is still worse as a court where each side may blackguard the other almost without limit, and yet no decision can be arrived at, nor even any wholesome opinion. A mob can believe, suspect, fear, and hope; it can feel many emotions, and do many acts; but there is one thing it never has done and never can do—it does not think.

If the House of Commons shows the ignorance and inefficiency of a mob, the American Senate is an equally striking proof of its suspicion and malignity. Here have some of the Senators been heaping opprobrium on England for objecting to unlimited arbitration on the Venezuelan question—which was a matter of very little importance to

Sweden, the one sovereign in the world who has no possible reason to lean to either side—no past quarrels, no colonial rivalry, no trade disputes, no influence of dangerous neighbours. But this absence of plausible objection is itself taken to be objectionable. An arbitrator with “American sympathies”—that is, one who will always decide in favour of the United States—is desired. In a word, the Senators hostile to the Treaty almost avowedly oppose it because it offers a reasonable security for tolerable fairness in future decisions.

Now, this is not the view taken by a single man of business, however greedy or unscrupulous. He will know that agreement is only possible by a process of give and take. Even if he intends to do his best to get advantage out of a contract, he will at least abstain, in his own interest, from inserting provisions obviously unfair to the other party. And a statesman knows, in addition, that, so long as gross injustice is prevented, the exact details of a compromise between two nations on an obscure point are of little moment. A quarrel over the Venezuelan border may bring incalculable misery on the world; the peaceful adjustment of the frontier a few miles this way or that will be forgotten almost before the painted line is dry on the map. The great good of a peaceful settlement outweighs many petty injustices. But this is the view of a statesman. A mob, and especially an elected mob, dares not seem slack in patriotic ardour, for fear of alienating the extreme section of its supporters. It is afraid of giving up anything. And a mob's conception of the principle of arbitration is, “Heads, I win; tails, you lose!”

MARMITON.



"A WHITE ELEPHANT," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

*Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



*In Mr. Carton's delightful play, which was produced on Nov. 19, the fun begins with the appearance of Robert Peploe (Mr. Cecil Ramsey) at the shooting-box of his employer, Mr. Joseph Ogden (Mr. Brookfield), whose sister he has secretly married.*



*Ogden's niece, Emily Rawston (Miss Nina Boucicault), is in love with Charlie Glenhorne (Mr. W. T. Lovell); but Ogden disapproves of the match, and the young lovers concoct a scheme by which they hope to elope and get married.*



*Hence, between the would-be runaway and the secretly married Miss Letitia Ogden (Miss Mansfield), Lady Gwendoline Ogden (Miss Compton, who is Mrs. R. C. Carton) has a troubled time.*



*She resolves to help Emily, going up to town with the Hon. Stacey Gillam (Mr. Charles Hawtrey), when Ogden's uncle, the gouty Mr. Tweed (Mr. Kemble), arrives, and has to be drugged.*





*After a terrible journey, the Hon. Stacey reaches Ogden's town house, much to the horror of the housekeeper, Mrs. Jauncey (Mrs. Charles Calvert, whose acting is intensely comic).*



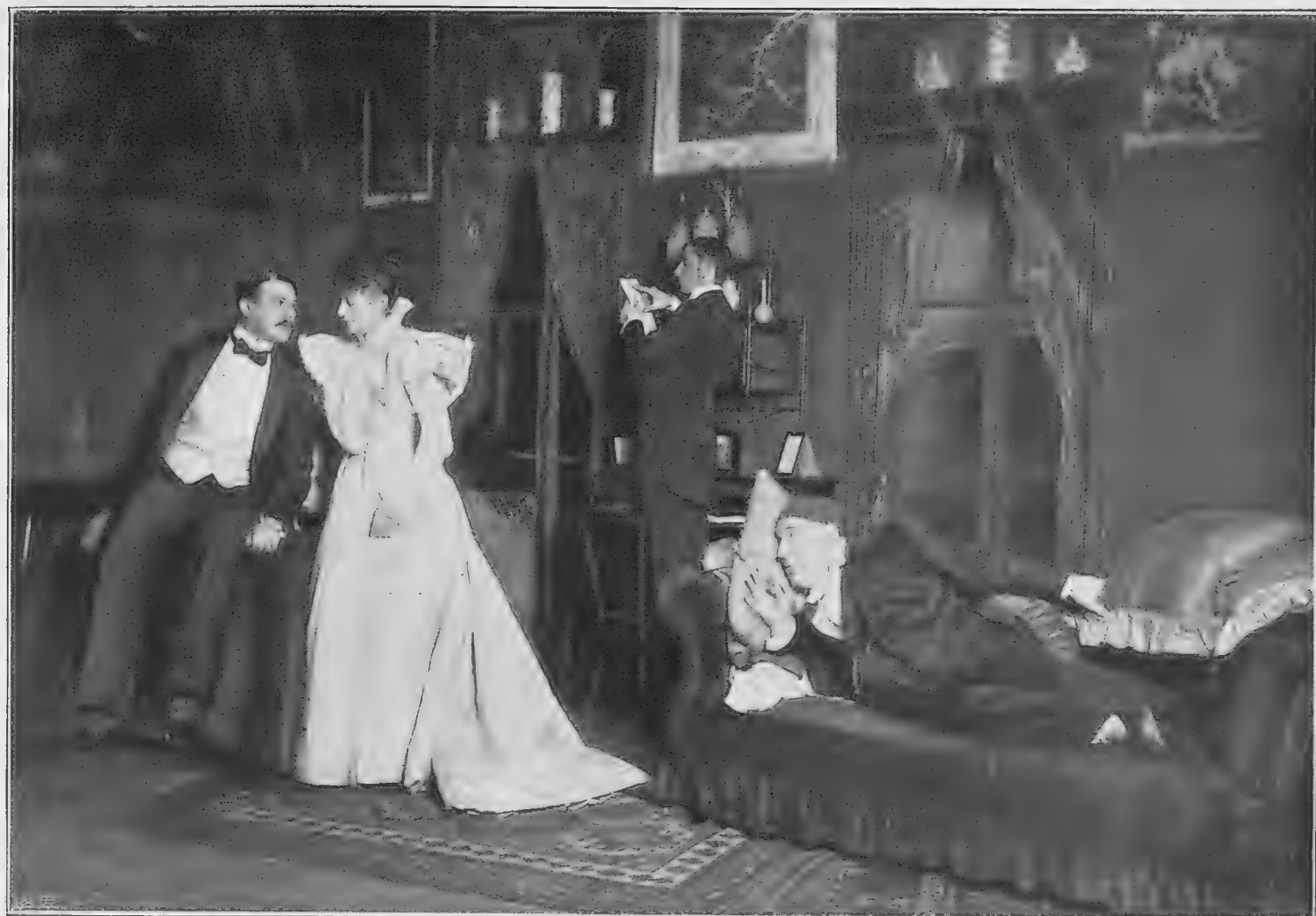
*Ogden follows the runaways, accompanied by his father-in-law, the Earl of Bawcombe (Mr. Eric Lewis), whose knee always goes out of joint at critical moments in life.*



*The Earl is reassured by his nephew, though he is inclined to deprecate Stacey's conduct.*



*And Ogden is startled to see Mrs. Cyrus N. Dowker (Miss Lottie Venne), with whom, as a bachelor, he had flirted.*



*Herein is shown Uncle Tweed watching the Hon. Stacey and Lady Gwendoline, whom he suspects to be lovers.*



*Herein is shown Mrs. Dowker, who is now affianced to the Hon. Stacey, spotting the terrified Ogden,*



## IN QUEST OF THE BADGER.

It is very generally believed that *Ursus meles* is becoming extremely rare in England, but there is good reason to suppose that this is a mistake. Since the unlovely "sport" of badger-drawing ceased to be popular, this British relative of the bear family has enjoyed comparative peace, and in several counties at all events is by no means uncommon. The "brock," to give him his colloquial name, is of very retiring disposition, and the consistent fashion in which he shuns publicity, combined with his nocturnal habit of life, is no doubt largely responsible for the belief in his rarity. In the days when the badger was like Mrs. Bardell's first-floor lodger, "too much sought after," he was

held badger or badger held dog was a matter of detail; generally the badger got first hold, and kept it until the dog "drew" him, or until it became obvious that the besieged had the best of it; and this elevating pastime would be continued for a whole afternoon, the badger being replaced in his barrel after each dog had tried his fortune. Foxhounds are seldom "keen" on the line of a badger; pursuit in low, close covert such as the quarry affects is difficult for them, and the foxhound which has not been instructed that the nose and brisket are the only vulnerable points of the thick-skinned foe is liable to severe punishment when the badger turns at bay, as he will, with his quarters to a tree. The dachshund was bred in Germany as a badger-hound, but rather for the purpose of attacking him in his earth than above ground, as his bandy legs, and feet perfectly adapted for



A BADGER HUNT.

hunted, but usually with the object of taking him alive. The most approved method of taking him was to visit his "earth" or burrow on a fine moonlight night, when he was sure to be abroad, and place in the entrance of the tunnel a small sack fitted round the mouth with a running cord, the slack of which was firmly secured to a convenient root or stone. This done, a few couple of hounds, or mongrels—any dog with a nose and a tongue answered the purpose—were thrown into the covert; these, speaking to the scent, naturally caused the badger to make best pace for his earth, to be literally "bagged" at his own front-door in the sack aforesaid. His ultimate fate was to be thrust tail first into a slippery barrel in some publican's back-yard, to await the attentions of every tyke whose sporting proprietor wished to try his staunchness. In addition to a remarkably tough and leathery skin, Nature has endowed the badger with extremely powerful jaws and great tenacity of grip. Whether dog

digging, indicate. I am indebted to Mr. J. T. Newman, of Berkhamstead, for the photographs reproduced on the opposite page. He writes—

The scene of the men's labour was an ideal badger's haunt; steep banks of hard chalk dipped down into a hollow set about with beech saplings and fringed with an undergrowth of hazel-wood, while there was an extensive beech-wood close by. The resident Squire, it appeared, wished to introduce foxes into his domain, but found that they would not foregather with the badgers—at least, this was thought to be the reason why they would not stay in the neighbourhood; hence the attack on the badger's haunt. For many days the men traced his tortuous burrow, at times ten or twelve feet from the surface, and laid bare gallery after gallery. Traces of the animal and his work, in the shape of bones and skeletons, there were in plenty, but never a glimpse of the badger himself did they see, and eventually the quest had to be abandoned. The earth was evidently a very old one. Some idea of the curious and laborious manner in which the animals had constructed their home may be gathered from the illustrations.



THE BADGER'S HAUNT, SHOWING THE TONS OF CHALK REMOVED IN THE ENDEAVOUR TO UNEARTH HIM.



ONE OF THE CUTTINGS MADE TO TRACE THE BADGER'S BURROWS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.





MISS MARIE LOFTUS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

How mermaids dance may or may not be a problem to the deep-sea fisherman, but to the fancy of Mr. R. C. W. Bunny, whose picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is here reproduced, the answer is clear enough. He sees them singing and sporting in the waves, some half-seated on the rocks, some aimlessly floating and curving through the water. (You see that it would be impossible to execute a technical dance under such circumstances.) The fancy is an audacious one; but it has been executed with so judicious a mingling of realism and pure imagination that it quite avoids any grotesque suggestion—a feat, one imagines, not easy to achieve.

The Grafton Gallery has the credit of possessing by far the most important artistic exhibition now on view in London, more important, that is, even than the Leighton show at Burlington House. The works of Ford Madox Brown now collected together at this Gallery are of the highest artistic as well as historical interest. They represent not

This is not to assert the lack of beauty in these strange, strong canvases, although they oddly lack all sense of humour; but what beauty they have is peculiar. They grow upon you, as certain musical discords grow upon you; the prelude to Wagner's "Rheingold," for example, with its groaning discords, takes you slowly, but very strongly, within the circle of its influence, and the general effect of Madox Brown's works is strangely similar. It hurts you, it often repels you; but it finishes by winning a difficult victory. If that is not a sign of amazing power, it would be difficult to find one. To revert to the musical analogy—and it is really difficult to get away from the feeling of music even in the act of examining these pictures—Madox Brown could never write a Mozart song, but his brain produced the "Ring des Nibelungen."

One feels it due to this great artist and painter to discuss him thus from the general standpoint when his work is, to use the admirable phrase of an excellent critic, now being "vindicated" in London. But



MERMAIDS DANCING.—R. C. W. BUNNY.

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EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

only the beginning, the progress, and the end of a most significant artistic movement, but also the profound and full expression of an intensely serious, impressively virile, and keenly alert individuality. To walk from Burlington House into the Grafton Gallery is to change completely and through a succession of the most violent discords the key to the tune of thought. Leighton's work, in its most beautiful moments, finds its sincerity embedded, as it were, in the Academic feeling. Madox Brown's work has the sincerity, the passionate sincerity, of a man who cares absolutely nothing about academics, friends, the world, so long as he fulfils himself and does his own work.

Perhaps the first clear impression in connection with the Leighton Exhibition which one receives, when the comparison of the two artists in point of sincerity is made, is the curious lack of the highest forms of beauty even in the best of Madox Brown's works. Certain as it is that Rossetti confessed Madox Brown to be the master influence of his art, compare, for example, the tremendous strength, the iron individuality, of such a picture as "Work," at the Grafton, with the spiritual sweetness, the poignant beauty, of Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix" in the National Gallery. The Madox Brown picture has every impulse that produced the Rossetti picture, yet see how differently the artists have come to their goal. The strength of the one breaks through and passes the veil of beauty; the æsthetic sense of the other veils his strength in beauty.

the exhibition is a large one, and contains a great many general designs for stained glass, pastels, cartoons, and other works, which will well repay separate and interested examination. The general verdict will not be altered by them; some are powerful, some beautiful, some unworthy, but in every example of his art Ford Madox Brown shows himself to the world exactly as he found himself. It was a self greatly worth the showing, if the world has found it somewhat late.

The fluctuations in the possibilities of the London County Council's acquiring Mr. Thornycroft's now celebrated "Boadicea" sculptured group have been as strange and as inconstant as the recent weather. "There is a prospect," however, that London may rejoice in the possession of the statue at an even earlier date than that on which it may please the great heart of the County Council to ask Parliament for money to spend upon the casting. Mr. J. Thornycroft, the sculptor's son, will risk the repayment of the money from the Council, and will provide the sum necessary for that process. The Council, so far, has determined to thank Mr. J. Thornycroft, but "declines to bind itself," whatever that may mean. That is so like a County Council. Still, "there is a prospect."

The *Quartier Latin* continues to flourish. It is a far way off the Munich *Jugend*, but it is full of promise.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THEIR FIREWORKS.

## HER DESCRIPTION.

(Mrs. James Heatherington to her elder sister, Mrs. Penruddock, at Hotel Alexandrina, Baden.)

Bearneagh House, Campingdownshire, Oct. 17, 189-.

DEAREST,—As one always hears that the beau-ideal country house is the one where everyone is left to do as he or she likes, I determined not to make any plans for entertaining our house-party this year. I have not found that I have had any more spare time, however, and this must be my excuse for leaving your welcome letter unacknowledged so long.

We have had the usual succession of people here since partridge-shooting began, and among others Bobby Peters, who is supposed to be reading for his degree. When he had been here a few days he got too conscientious to go shooting any more, averring he must put in some hard reading.

Bobby's idea of hard reading apparently was elastic—or he had a notion it would be rude if a guest allowed his hostess to be left to her own devices in her spare time. Certainly, he was most good-natured in offering to “make a four,” as he calls it, whenever I had to chaperon May Dixon and Gerald West, who got engaged at the Askews' during the Doncaster Races.

He got quite foolish (Bobby, I mean; Gerald and May were absolutely idiotic, but that's of course), and really I was quite glad when his fortnight came to an end, for I had quite a fright the day before he left. James, by way of nursing the constituency, as he calls it, gave a firework display in the park after the flower-show. We had dinner half-an-hour earlier, and the display began shortly before the men joined us, so we met in the hall in a general rush for cloaks and wraps. Except Gerald and May (who thought they could see better from the billiard-room, and persisted in this fallacy despite Jim's reminder that the conservatory in between would shut off practically everything bar the shouting), and Lady Waring, who refused to be tempted from an arm-chair in the drawing-room, everyone went on to the terrace. Bobby Peters said he was quite certain that the best view would be from the boudoir balcony; but I wouldn't go with him, as he had been inclined to be silly during the afternoon, when he came out with us to fish, though he had declined to go and join the guns with the lunch because he was in arrears with his reading. He then rushed off to get me a wrap, and brought me a startling driving-cloak of Mrs. Lee-Lacy's, in which I had difficulty in preventing him from buttoning me to the chin, though the evening was of the sultriest. I sat on an angle of the parapet, and was pushing the cloak away from the lace at the back of my gown, when my hands were seized from the back and a moustache pressed on my shoulder. “You mustn't—you mustn't!” I gasped, and turned round to give him the scolding he deserved, when, providentially, before I had committed myself, a rocket went off, and I saw it was not Bobby, but Jim. Poor old boy! I must have startled him with my vehemence, for he let go my hands as if they had burned him, and it was several moments before he could say, “Why mayn't I kiss you, dear?”

My dear, I was so thankful I had not given myself away, and so relieved it had not been Bobby at all, that I could have hugged Jim on the spot. Of course, I told him that I only meant a married pair of three years' standing must not be caught spooning in dark places, unless they want to become the laughing-stock of their guests; but, as a matter of fact, Bobby was the only person who saw us, and he did not appear at all amused, but took a vindictive pleasure in depriving James of his lives at pool afterwards. But, good-bye; I must end this or you will have to pay overweight.—Your loving sister,

GRACE.

## HIS DESCRIPTION

(Mr. James Heatherington to Mr. Thompson-Smythe, Q.C., M.P., Hotel Victoria, Aix-les-Bains.)

Bearneagh House, Campingdownshire, Oct. 10, 189-.

MY DEAR CHAP,—Sorry that infernal gout prevented you from having a smack at the birds, and putting in a few speeches for me this vac. I shall hope for better luck next September. In the meantime, I am working the constituency for all I'm worth, and hope that when next they get the chance the free and enlightened electors of the county may be a bit freer with votes for me than when last they exercised the franchise. By way of further enlightening them, I gave a firework-show the other evening, out of which arose an incident which may amuse you;

but please don't repeat it, as the man to whom it happened and I alone are “in the know,” and he would not like to have it repeated, for reasons which will be obvious.

He had been getting on rather well with a very charming lady stopping in the house, and when, in a sufficiently secluded spot on the terrace, he saw her smart driving-coat being imprudently thrust from a pair of particularly attractive shoulders, he felt justified in delicately indicating the danger from cold to which she was exposing herself by respectfully pressing his lips thereon. Imagine, then, his surprise, my dear fellow, when the owner of those dimpled shoulders, turning, discloses herself to be—not the seductive owner of the cloak, but his own wife, who, unsuspecting, playfully admonishes him for spooning in public! By Jove, dear boy! it was only by a masterly bit of *aplomb* (think it was *aplomb* he called it) that he managed to save the situation—his presence of mind. I allowed, must have been a bit out of the ordinary.

As it was, his wife, a sweet, innocent creature, suspected nothing; but it will be a lesson to him, he assures me, to act in future in a manner less open to misconstruction. Not a word of this to my wife, who might “want to know”—I rely on your discretion.—Yours ever,

J. HEATHERINGTON.

## ODES FROM HAFIZ.

BY WALTER LEAF.

The two following translations reproduce as exactly as possible the form of the originals, both in the arrangement of rhymes and in the metre, which is in each case — — — — — | — — — — —.

Minstrel, a strain of mirth and glee,  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free!  
Fill me a bumper bounteously,  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free.

Oh for a bower, and one beside,  
Delicate, dainty, darling bride;  
Kisses at will to seize, and be  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free.

Call me my Saki silver-limbed,  
Bring me my goblet silver-rimmed;  
Fain would I fill and drink to thee,  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free.

Sweet is my dear, a thief of hearts—  
Bravery, beauty, saucy arts,  
Odours and unguents, all for me,  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free.

Wind of the West, if e'er thou roam,  
Pass on thy way my Peri's home,  
Whisper of Hafiz am'rously,  
Joyous and eager, blithe and free.

Love from my heart awoke to light—  
Thine was the deed, O love, my love!  
Vision of hope to wasting wight,  
Thine was the deed, O love, my love!

Sweet is the day in glory dight,  
Day unto day more passing bright;  
Sweet is the day, yet sweeter night;  
Thine is the deed, O love, my love!

Yesterday morn when dawn was white  
Entered my soul's desire, to plight  
Promise of love and love's delight;  
Thine was the deed, O love, my love!

“Yield me a kiss,” cried I, “forthright!  
Silver and gold thy kiss requite.”  
Oh the sweet lips, the smile of might!  
Thine was the deed, O love, my love!

Now, lack-a-day, the doleful plight!  
Silver and gold have taken flight,  
Treason is wrought in love's despite;  
Thine is the deed, O love, my love!

Hafiz hath lost, hath lost the fight;  
Tears of his heart's blood blind his sight;  
Hafiz is fallen; o'er him write,  
“Thine is the deed, O love, my love!”





*The Johnny sent his valentine,  
And followed on thereafter,  
To see her greet "Will you be mine?"  
With quite a burst of laughter.*





*She dropped in her card, with its verse from a bard  
 Who suited the season, though quoted too oft;  
 And her heart gave a start as she noticed the dart  
 Of St. Valentine, perched on the pillar aloft.*



*And then you will see that the postman, St. V.,  
Went forth on the morn with a marvellous mail  
Of hearts by the score, and he knocked at the door  
Of the beau who was loved by the belle of my tale.*





*When she starts to do her shopping at the Stores or at the Bink,  
 She always hails the handsome hansom-cabby on the rank.  
 Though the gee-gee's rather chippy,  
 And the road is somewhat slippery,  
 She knows her London cabby could drive safely on a plank.*

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HIS VALENTINE.



## A RELATIVE OF THE BRONTËS.

Oakenshaw, a roadside village four miles from Bradford, is an unlovely spot. It is part of the Black Country of Yorkshire, and a representative of *The Sketch* who visited it the other day found it difficult to associate it in any way with the Brontës. Bleak Haworth, with its moors, is

poetry itself compared to this scorched and withered district, where everything beautiful in nature has been sacrificed to the iron trade. Nevertheless, a few minutes after alighting from the Lancashire and Yorkshire train at Low Moor Junction, he found himself chatting with Mrs. Rose Ann Heslip, a hale old lady, who is the only known surviving cousin of the Brontës in this country. She lives in a small house in Salthorn, with her son-in-law, Hugh Bingham, a highly intelligent workman employed at an adjacent gas-works.

The story of the Brontës in Ireland, as told by Dr. Wright in his book, has given great offence to Mrs. Heslip. When the articles dealing with the Brontës in Ireland first appeared in *McClure's Magazine*, extracts relating to Hugh Brontë's



MRS. ROSE ANN HESLIP.

Photo by Stead, Heckmondwike.

journey with a shillelagh to avenge his niece on the quarterly reviewer were copied into the Yorkshire journals. These extracts, attributing semi-barbarous traits to Hugh Brontë, the uncle of the novelists, and also of Mrs. Heslip, annoyed the latter very much, and she felt bound to repel what she considered a deep insult to an honoured relative. She accordingly despatched her son-in-law, for whom she keeps house (her daughter, Emily Jane, called after Emily Brontë, having died a few years ago), to the office of one of the journals in which the extracts appeared, in order that he might discover, if possible, the author of the article. This led to the publication of interviews with Mrs. Heslip, whose existence and residence so near to the Brontë country had hitherto been unknown, in a Bradford journal and in the *Globe*. The latter article was widely quoted, and since then Mrs. Heslip has been visited and photographed by a number of Brontë enthusiasts and journalists. Dr. Wright has been one of the visitors, and the old lady says she did not scruple to tell him her opinion of his book.

Before dealing with her reminiscences, it may be well to say that, though advanced in years, Mrs. Heslip is full of interest in the subject. Her memory is good, and she is evidently a woman of intellectual force. The family likeness, so strongly marked in Charlotte, is very evident in her, and the intelligent and sympathetic manner in which she converses is in itself proof that a strong strain of great ability ran through the entire family. As Mrs. Heslip was reared in the Irish Brontë country, where, especially among relatives, there was no reason for reserve and for such reticence as might be necessary in the English parsonage at Haworth, she was first asked if she had heard anything of the romantic story told by Dr. Wright of the carrying away of the strange child to the Boyne by the unknown uncle? She replied, "I never heard the like named, though I was reared among them. My mother lived in the house till I was seventeen years of age, and my aunts were never out of the house a fortnight. My Uncle Welsh was also a constant visitor, but I never once heard it named among them." She had, however, heard the story related by Dr. Wright of her Aunt Mary paying a visit, and bringing with her a daughter, with whom a local tradesman fell in love; and her aunt described the daughter as "a very purty woman." This being so, it is very remarkable that she had heard nothing of the older and more tragic story told with so much picturesque detail by Dr. Wright. Mrs. Heslip herself also pointed out the improbability of Hugh Brontë, her grandfather, calling one of his sons "Welsh" after such a monster as the original Welsh is described as being. One of Mrs. Heslip's reminiscences is seeing her grandmother, Alice McClory, who was then a very old but fair-haired woman. She never, however, heard of any runaway marriage such as described by Dr. Wright, which would surely have been a family tradition if it had taken place. With regard to the large number of daughters, only one of whom, Sarah (Mrs. Heslip's mother), married, the old lady remarked, "You would not have seen nicer, cleaner women anywhere. They were marked (noticed) wherever they went. They were all," she added, "very fair except Alice, the youngest," who died so lately as 1890. One of the most picturesque chapters in Dr. Wright's book is about the ghosts; but on this point, Mrs. Heslip, while remarking that the glen named had the reputation of being haunted by the ghost of a man named Frazer, who had hanged himself, says that Dr. Wright is all astray in the story, and that, so far from her Uncle Hugh having died in great suffering after his alleged encounter with the ghost, he lived to be an old man. Dr. Wright was correct in saying that the Brontës were much engaged in macadamising the roads, and she said her Uncle Hugh "made hundreds by it." Her Uncle Jamie was also a shoemaker, as stated, but he had not learned the trade. He, however, shared in the ability of the family to turn his hand to anything.

With regard to Dr. Wright's assertion that there were two or three Brontës now in Ireland in a destitute condition, she said she was the only surviving cousin in the kingdom. The rest of the relatives were children, and they were "all in a good way of doing."

Dr. Wright in his book has a very picturesque chapter on the attitude of Hugh Brontë towards the devil, whom he believed to be directly responsible for blighting the potato crop. Here is the most striking passage—

He would shame the fiend out of his foul work, and for this purpose he would go deliberately to the field and gather a basketful of rotten potatoes. These he would carry solemnly to the brink of the glen, and, standing on the edge of the precipice, call on the fiend to behold his foul and filthy work, and then, with great violence, dash them down as a feast for the fetid destroyer.

And he adds—

I knew a man who witnessed one of these scenes. He spoke of Hugh Brontë's address to the devil as being sublime in its ferocity. With bare, outstretched arms, the veins in his neck and forehead standing out like hempen cords, and his voice choking with concentrated passion, he would apostrophise Beelzebub as the bloated fly, and call on him to partake of the filthy repast he had provided. The address ended with wild, scornful laughter, as Brontë hurled the rotten potatoes down the bank.

Now it so happened that Mrs. Heslip herself was in the habit of helping her Uncle Hugh to gather the blighted potatoes, and she says, "I gathered potatoes and helped him to carry the basket to the cliff; and, as we emptied it, he would say, in a laughing style and for fun, 'There's a mouthful for the devil.'" The manner in which he acted on these occasions so impressed the girl that she would lie down in the field and roar with laughter at the fun provided by her uncle.

Touching on other points, Mrs. Heslip recalled that her mother had said that Patrick Brontë, after his ordination, preached in Drumballyroney Church. The old lady's grievance against Dr. Wright is that he made her family appear so simple and rude, and she is especially displeased with the assertion that, while waiting for the verdict of the Rev. Mr. McKee (who, by the way, was Dr. Wright's father-in-law) on "Jane Eyre," her uncle ate up all the abundant tea provided for the doctor. From her knowledge of her uncle, she believes he would never have done such a thing. With regard to the shillelagh incident, Mrs. Heslip declares emphatically there is nothing in it. Her uncle's only visit to England was when he was a boy, and at that time none of the Haworth family were old enough to write books. He went to England in order to obtain work, and got employment in corn-thrashing and also in a sugar-factory. He then became ill, and, after being laid up for some time, visited Haworth. At that time he had ten guineas of his own, and Patrick Brontë gave him ten guineas more, and also took him to see Robin Hood's grave. Mrs. Heslip further said that she remembered her Uncle Jamie visiting Haworth, and afterwards hearing him tell of the visit in the garden. He reported that Charlotte "was very inquisitive and wanted a heap of news." He also said that she "had a very wee foot and small arms, and was sighted" (dim of sight), but her eyes were "as clear as diamonds." On another point Mrs. Heslip challenges the accuracy of Dr. Wright's statement—namely, that "the Brontës who lived less than a mile from the Glascar School were known as people who went regularly to no place of worship on Sundays." She states that the fact was that her "aunts went as long as they could, until prevented by age or infirmity."

## THE POPULARITY OF "JANE EYRE."\*

The four new editions of "Jane Eyre" that have just appeared demonstrate as nothing else could not only the vitality, but the ever-growing popularity, of Charlotte Brontë's novel. And the truth is that there is an evergreenness about this classic novel—a wild, hot blood pulsing through it—that makes it as vital a piece of literature now as when first the conceptions of Jane Eyre and her lover Rochester rose in all their magnificent completeness from the brain of the brooding girl in her moorland solitude.

We know a good deal now about "this midge of a governess" (it is her own phrase); we know enough to know that Jane Eyre was Charlotte Brontë.

Charlotte Brontë with her unconscious narrowness, her limitations, her cynical outlook on a world that had always been hard to her.



EMILY BRONTË'S PET DOG.

Drawn by herself.

\* "Jane Eyre." Illustrated by F. H. Townsend. (The English Illustrated Library.) London: Service and Piton. 1897. 2s. 6d. 436 pp.  
 "Jane Eyre." Illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. (The World's Great Novels.) London: Walter Scott. N.D. 3s. 6d. 313 pp.  
 "Jane Eyre." (Burleigh Library.) London: B's. Sands, and Foster. 1896. 1s. 6d. 444 pp.  
 "Jane Eyre." (Warne's Crown Library.) London: Frederick Warne and Co. N.D. 468 pp.

Her passion, her fervour, her energy, and her wit are there too. As Jane Eyre behaved to her eager, violent suitor, so would Charlotte have comported herself under like conditions, had the strong moral crux she imagined for her heroine come to her, as some say it did do; but not her latest biographer, who will have none of the



One of F. H. Townsend's Illustrations to Service and Paton's edition of "Jane Eyre."

Héger myth and the hypothetical love tragedy at Brussels. But though "the little elf," as Rochester delights to call his Jane, was as compact of whims, and morbid fancies, and irrational desires, and emotions as the most modern of so-called modern women, she had what the modern heroine has not, and would scorn to have—a strong religious instinct and irrefragable rules of conduct to guide and control all her emotions. "Laws and principles," she says sturdily, "are not for the times when there is no temptation; they are for the moments when body and soul rise in mutiny against their rigour." So, planting her foot firmly on "preconceived opinions, foregone determinations," Jane Eyre of her own motion leaves the man who, finding it impossible to make her his wife, had tried to secure her on less honourable terms. The heroine of to-day would have stayed on at Thornfield Hall with the full acquittal of her modern conscience!

Then, as to the man who presented temptation in its strongest form to the simple, innocent little governess? Well, Rochester is emphatically of the stuff of which a girl's dreams are made—or such a girl as Charlotte, at any rate. He is the fairy prince that the lonely princess of Haworth evolved from her consciousness—the man who was to break in on to the charmed solitude of her mental life, and "enlarge the thin crescent circle of her destiny." She had long dreamed of such a masterful being. "I valued," says Jane Eyre, "what was good in Mrs. Fairfax and what was good in Adèle, but I believed in the existence of other and more vivid kinds of goodness, and what I believed in I wished to behold." And certainly in Mr. Rochester we are made acquainted with a vividness that somewhat takes our breath away, and quite appalled and shocked Charlotte's own generation, though the gentle Jane Eyre dotes upon the roughness, the aggressiveness, the brutality and coarseness, indeed, of her "three-tailed Bashaw," as she so engagingly calls him in those love-scenes between the two which the modern reader finds hard to swallow.

Jane Eyre was a simple country-girl, who had up till then "found no men to govern in the wilds" of Yorkshire, whence she was obliged to cull her manly types; but what woman of the world would have endured Mr. Rochester's colossal impertinence and egotism and the simple bad taste of his love-making? One season in town would have taught her to laugh at the condescending terms of his proposal to her: "Poor, plain, and obscure as you are, I entreat you to accept me as your husband!" and dictated a yet more haughty refusal.

But, for all dramatic purposes, Mr. Rochester lives and breathes as hardly any other woman's hero has ever done. How he stamps and

blusters and hectors through these pages! What a fine, impressive scene is that of the first-coming of this whirlwind of a man! It has all the poignancy of a dream many times dreamed. The highest art in the telling of a tale of this kind is surely to induce in the reader a mood of tensivity, of expectation, and even of foreboding. So when we see Jane—and see her with our actual eyes, too, very prettily drawn and conceived by Mr. F. H. Townsend—sitting on a stile in a country lane, on a winter's afternoon, waiting, all unconscious, for her fate to ride by, we feel that unmistakable thrill of apprehension which it is the aim of every author to produce—

If a breath of air stirred it made no sound here, for there was not a holly or an evergreen to rustle, and the stripped hawthorn and hazel bushes were as still as the white worn stones that causewayed the middle of the path. Far and wide on each side there were only fields where no cattle now browsed, and the little brown birds that stirred occasionally in the hedge looked like single russet leaves that had forgotten to drop.

She listens, too, to the thin sounds that betoken life in the neighbouring villages, and feels, more than hears—

The flow of currents, in what dales and depths I could not tell; but there were many hills beyond Hay, and doubtless many becks threading their passes. That evening calm betrayed alike the tinkle of the nearest streams and the sough of the most remote.

Then came a rude noise which effaced the "soft wave wanderings," and Fairfax Rochester, on horseback, passed her. The sense of expectancy is strained to the utmost, and by the most innocent and unobtrusive of literary means.

It is a little late in the day to criticise "Jane Eyre"; but there is a suggestion that Mr. Rochester was contemplating bigamy in the abstract long before he met Jane Eyre, which, to my mind, were as well away. "My fixed desire," he tells Jane Eyre, in that long, miserable conversation which these two hold together after the blow has fallen and the proposed marriage has been rendered impossible by his brother-in-law's revelations—"my fixed desire was to seek and find a good and intelligent woman whom I could love. . . . I had determined and was convinced that I could and ought to marry."

We consider that his sudden and uncontrollable passion for Jane should have "borne the wyte" of his contemplated defiance of the law. A premeditated act of criminality seems to us no part of his impulsive,



JANE EYRE RUNNING AWAY FROM ROCHESTER.

One of Edmund H. Garrett's Illustrations to Walter Scott's edition of "Jane Eyre."

excitable character, and, moreover, an insulting negation of the power of the elfin Jane, who should have been able to sway her lover from vice to virtue, or from virtue to vice, by the sole force of her charm. To a man set on bigamy for its own sake, the choice of a partner would be a matter of inferior consideration.

VIOLET HUNT.



## CHESS BY CABLE.

The chess match Great Britain v. United States, for the Sir George Newnes Anglo-American trophy, will be played by cable on Friday and Saturday. The American team will be at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, the English players at the Hotel Cecil, the two places being connected by direct wires *via* the Commercial Cable Company's lines.

The English team has been selected, but at the time of writing all had not accepted the invitation. The "ten" itself is made up as follows: J. H. Blackburne,

Amos Burn, E. M. Jackson, C. D. Locock, H. E. Atkins, D. Y. Mills, Herbert Jacobs, T. F. Lawrence, G. E. H. Bellingham, and H. H. Cole, with H. W. Trenchard, F. B. Carr, J. H. Blake, and G. A. Hooke as reserves. Blackburne and Jackson were the only players who won for England last year, while Locock, Mills, and Atkins drew their games, Burn being one of the vanquished.

Blackburne is getting on in years now, but he is still unrivalled as an exponent of simultaneous blindfold chess. He is a good tournament player, but in matches he is rather disappointing, his tendency to "brilliancy" sometimes leading him into difficulties. With



THE NEWNES CHESS TROPHY.

the exception of the veteran Bird, who has been a devotee of the game for over half a century, Blackburne has most chess experience of any English player.

Amos Burn, of Liverpool, is one of those cautious players whose Fabian tactics do not always secure victory. About eight years ago he played a stronger game than he does now by at least Pawn and move. He is fond of the Zukertort opening (1 Kt to K B 3), and does as much with it as it is possible for mortal to do with a close game.

C. D. Locock is a B.A. of Cambridge and the chess editor of *Knowledge*. He can be brilliant when he likes, and he is one of the soundest "note"-writers, though his contributions to chess-literature have not been bulky. Bellingham is the winner of the recent Counties Tournament at Llandudno. He showed good form on that occasion, but he is young and unproved, and his inclusion in the cable team is a pretty compliment, if not exactly wise.

Jacobs and Cole headed the score in the recent trial tournament. The former is a barrister, and may be seen almost any day, intent over some intricate position, at Groome's Coffee-house in Fleet Street. D. Y. Mills, Scottish Champion, Amateur Champion 1889, and insurance superintendent, is one of the strongest of British-born players. He is a difficult man to beat, but he can win gracefully—and that is often as much to the loser as victory would be.

Many of the players who have been selected to represent the United States have figured in both of the previous cable contests, and their records, though not covering as many years as those of the leaders of the British team, entitle them to the rank of masters of the game.

Mr. Pillsbury, who is as well known here as in his native country, will again lead the American team. Since his victory at Hastings in 1895, he has not maintained the position he there gained, but even in the irregular form he has shown in recent tournaments there are the evidences of talent that renders him a formidable opponent. It is not probable that Mr. Blackburne will catch him napping again, and the result of their game, if they are drawn together, cannot be predicted. Mr. Pillsbury was born in Somerville, Massachusetts, Dec. 7, 1872.

Jackson W. Showalter, the present United States Champion, was born in Kentucky, in February 1860. He gained his title several years ago, by winning the tournament of the United States Chess Association two years in succession. Since then he has had irregular success, losing to Hodges a match for the title, claiming the championship again because Hodges refused to play, losing to Lasker a goodly purse and the title, and again assuming it when Lasker returned to England. In the past two years, however, he has done credit to his powers by defeating in succession, in matches for heavy stakes, Lipschuetz, Kemeny, and Barry, and he is now playing a match with Pillsbury. In the United States there is no hesitancy in according him a place directly after Pillsbury.

John F. Barry was hardly known outside of his district before his victory over Tinsley in the last cable match. He is just a year younger than his townsman Pillsbury, his entry into this sphere occurring on Dec. 12, 1873, in Boston. Barry is clerk in a Boston Court, and is strictly an amateur, except for the matter of playing for money-prizes. He is slim, about Pillsbury's height, and wears his hair parted in the middle and fluffed over his forehead; he has a kind of Irish cast of countenance, and is a very genial man to meet.

C. F. Burille is also a Boston man, his date of birth being Aug. 30, 1866. He was well known in Boston chess circles previous to the Sixth American Chess Congress, which was played in New York in 1889. Burille was the representative of his native town in that congress, and was expected to accomplish what Pillsbury has since accomplished at

Hastings. Burille failed to do much, and after his return to Boston was not heard from for several years, his health preventing him from continuing at the game. He remarked before the last cable match that he had not played a game for several years until he began to practise with Barry a few months previous to that event. He has played regularly in the last year, and tried to get on a match with Jasnogrodsky, but the Polish player had some difficulty in raising the stake. Burille is thin-faced, and stoops a little; he is rather reticent, and doesn't make much of a stir in the clubs which he frequents.

A. B. Hodges is not considered by Americans as strong a player as he was several years ago, when he defeated Lasker in one of their match games at the Manhattan Chess Club. He won a tournament at that club about the same time, in which he gave odds to many of his opponents, with the fine score of twenty-seven wins and two drawn games, no losses. He has been Champion of the New York State Chess Association, and defeated Showalter for the Championship of the States. He drew a match with Albin while that expert was in New York. Hodges was born in Nashville, Tennessee, July 21, 1861. He was Champion of his native State, and before he came to New York played two matches with Max Judd, now the Representative of the United States in Vienna, each winning one. He is a strongly built man, erect in carriage, and bears the evidences of great powers of endurance. Mr. Hodges is one of the officials of the great Sailors' Snug Harbour Corporation, on Staten Island, New York.

Edward Hymes is a young New York lawyer who has recently won fame in his profession as one of the counsel for the young Barberi girl. He was Champion of Columbia College, and has been Champion of New Jersey. He was born in Florence, South Carolina, Sept. 13, 1871. He says he has not looked at a game of chess since the last cable match. Hymes drew with Steinitz in the tournament of the City Chess Club two years ago, and drew with Pillsbury in the inter-club matches. He has defeated Albin and Hodges in even games, and while in practice is considered one of the most ingenious players in the States. He is a tall, slim, nervous-looking fellow, quick in action, yet with excellent powers of concentration and great patience.

Eugene Delmar is the veteran of the American team, having been born on Sept. 12, 1841, in New York. He says he learned chess in Morphy's time, and certainly has been known to the younger element in the chess circles of New York for a generation. It has been frequently claimed that Delmar has played more chess than any other man in New York. In off-hand games and as an odds-giver, he is almost unequalled; with a rapid and ingenious style, what some call a three-move deep game, he wins a great majority of the games he plays. He has been Champion of the New York State Chess Association several times, won the Staats-Zeitung Cup Tournament in 1895, was a competitor in the Sixth American Chess Congress, and has won many local prizes. He is known as an indolent player, one who does not think it worth while to work until the game looks hazy, and for that habit has frequently disappointed his friends and failed to do justice to his evident talent. Mr. Delmar is in the Third National Bank of New York.

F. M. Teed is best known to problem-lovers. He is the new member of the team, and many Americans think he should have been on the last team. He was born near New York on Dec. 1, 1856. When Steinitz reached the States in 1884, he found few men who could make a stand against him. Teed was the first to win games from him, the two games they played going in favour of the young New York amateur. Teed has been out of chess circles during the past few years, devoting his time to the problem art, wherein he ranks with the best the world of chess possesses. He is an extremely cautious man, both in chess and speech, but bright and original in his games.

Hermann Helms is the present Champion of the Brooklyn Chess Club; but beyond a few games with men of the first class, wherein he has only held his own with difficulty, he has not much of a reputation outside of his club. He is an ingenious player, though, and liable to defeat the best, judging by his record in club tournaments, wherein he has always been among the top men. He was born in Brooklyn Jan. 5, 1870. He is rather boyish-looking, slim, and with an indecisive manner. Helms was on the reserve list in the last match.

David Graham Baird played last year, and it is not known whether he will be in the reserve or playing team this year. He is a lawyer in practice in New York, and has drifted out of chess circles to a great extent since the Sixth American Chess Congress in 1889, wherein he was considered one of the coolest and most determined of the Americans; many New York players think he does not play within Pawn and move of his old chess strength. He was born in New York in 1854.

Should there be any vacancy in this list it will be filled from the following:—W. M. de Visser, Brooklyn, one of the players in the first cable match between the Manhattan and British Chess Clubs; Judge L. L. Labatt, New Orleans; Sydney P. Johnson, Chicago; S. W. Bampton, Philadelphia; Louis Schmidt junior, New York; Judge Macconnell, Pittsburg; Charles Mochle, Cincinnati.

The arrangements for the match in Brooklyn are very elaborate, and will enable thousands to follow the games as they progress. At the Academy of Music, which holds four thousand people, the ten players will take place positions at chess-tables which will be placed at the edge of the stage; no one will be allowed on the stage but the officials connected with the match. Immediately above the players, suspended by wires, will be ten immense chess-boards, with pieces in the form of those used in books; as moves are made by the players they will be diagrammed upon the exhibition boards, and spectators in all parts of the house will be able to follow every stage of the match.

## THE VARIETY MANAGERS OF LONDON.—I.-IV.

As the success of a Government depends upon its Premier, so does the well-being of a variety hall depend upon its ruling spirit, the manager. He is its guide and director. To him belongs the power of bringing a subsequent "star" out of his or her corner; while, at the same time, he must often damp the ardour of some would-be Leno or Lloyd. It is surprising—and the writer has made inquiries in all directions—what a tremendous amount of work, worry, and anxiety devolves on the manager of a great music-hall. He is the public entertainer, and his duties are no myth. The manager must be in his office sharp by eleven o'clock in the morning, to answer a whole sackful of letters which daily inundate him. He must see callers—and there are a good few—hold rehearsals, attend directors' meetings, and generally supervise an overwhelming amount of detailed arrangements. All these duties have to be attended to before seven o'clock, when the enormous crowds begin to hammer at the entrance-doors. From seven till midnight every moment of his time is occupied.

So much for a manager's general functions. It is now my intention to briefly sketch the careers of the first four managers, whose portraits are reproduced on this page.

The Grand Old Man of the music-halls is undoubtedly Mr. Charles Morton, of the Palace Theatre. Although he is nearer eighty than seventy, he still works as energetically as ever in the interests of the Palace Theatre of Varieties, erstwhile the Royal English Opera House. When Mr. Morton first took over the management of the Palace, its prospects were in anything but a rosy condition, but so magnificently has the veteran manager worked, that the hall has become one of the best-paying concerns in London. Mr. Morton is no novice in his managerial office. To him belongs the honour of first introducing a now remarkable feature of the Palace's programme, the tableaux vivants. When the late Mr. Kilanyi came along with his living pictures, Mr. Morton's prophetic eye foresaw a *pièce de résistance*, the result being an engagement which has never ceased. Mr. Morton began his remarkable career by acquiring, as landlord, the Canterbury Arms in South London. Here he originated a "weekly free-and-easy," held on Saturday nights. Their popularity increased so rapidly, however, that Mr. Morton purchased an adjoining piece of land and erected the first music-hall proper in London, now the Canterbury. Here Mr. Morton used to pay his leading comedians ten pounds a-week, a mere penny compared with the princely salaries now being drawn by the "favourites." In 1862 Mr. Morton built and managed the first Oxford Music Hall in Oxford Street. He used to utilise the same company both at the Oxford and Canterbury, conveying them backwards and forwards in six broughams. Mr. Morton seems to have had a love of change, for we find him, in turn, connected with the North Woolwich Gardens, the Philharmonic at Islington, the Alhambra, and the Tivoli, all of which he successfully managed. After touring in America, he settled down at the Palace, always, however, ready to assist here and there with useful ideas. His is a great career, extending over no less than fifty years. He is the father of the music-halls, and the kind friend and benefactor of many an aspiring performer.

Mr. Harry Lundy, the genial and ever-popular manager of the Oxford, has had no little variety experience. Beginning as a clerk in 1880 in the office of that great music-hall director, Mr. Newson Smith, who has been obliged through ill-health to retire, he, by sheer force of character, pushed himself into notice, and in 1889 became assistant-manager at the Alhambra, Brighton. Here Mr. Lundy

met with conspicuous success, and during his four years of office was instrumental in introducing several new features. In 1893, finding London surroundings more congenial, he returned as manager of the Canterbury, where, with Mr. Adney Payne as managing director, the receipts flowed steadily in. The beginning of '95 saw Mr. Lundy at the helm of the Oxford, and the success attained there during the past year is a clear proof of his all-round popularity. Seated in a cosy room, pictured by photographs of all the leading London artists, Mr. Harry Lundy looks the type of what a conductor of a great entertainment should look. He is as pleasant to those under him as he is firm, and his foresight in detecting new talent is at all times remarkable. Should a "variety" aspirant present herself to Mr. Lundy, he immediately tries her voice, and, if suitable, she is placed in the ballet cast at a Saturday matinée. She has only herself to blame if she does not secure a permanent engagement. As might be expected, Mr. Lundy has a voluminous correspondence, and, though he gets many begging-letters, is always open to proffer his assistance when he is able. There can be little doubt that the increasing success of the Oxford is due in no small degree to the excellent management of Mr. Harry Lundy.

There is no hall in London which had greater possibilities before it than the Alhambra, and these seem to have been amply realised under the *régime* of Mr. Douglas Cox. Mr. Cox began life as a choir-boy in St. Paul's Cathedral, and can vividly recall the impressive funeral services of the Duke of Wellington and Turner the renowned artist. He gradually, after a commercial training, drifted towards the theatres, and became Assistant-Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society, now the Dramatic Authors' Agency, of which he is, at the present time, manager. Associated with Edgar Bruce at the Royal Aquarium, he became acting-manager, and played with him and Richard Temple in "Box and Cox." After the run was finished, Bruce presented him with a handsome cigar-box, and the inscription thereon is worth quoting—

Cox played Box to Bruce's Cox,  
And made a success in "Cox  
and Box."  
This box is a slight return to  
Cox  
For playing Box in "Cox and  
Box."

From the Aquarium Mr. Cox went to Drury Lane, where, under Sir Augustus Harris, he became acting-manager and treasurer. After a series of tours, the last being with Minnie Parker, Mr. Cox became business-



MR. CHARLES MORTON (PALACE).

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MR. VERNON DOWSETT (TIVOLI).

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MR. HARRY LUNDY (OXFORD).

Photo by Hanna, Strand.



MR. DOUGLAS COX (ALHAMBRA).

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

manager of the Alhambra, in conjunction with Mr. Moul, the general manager, and we very much doubt if there is a more genial and pleasant-faced chief on the music-hall stage.

Mr. Vernon Dowsett, of the New Tivoli, is one of the busiest men connected with the variety boards. Commencing as an actor in drama, he became in 1876 assistant-manager at the Marylebone Theatre, now the West London, after which he for three years managed the Mohawk Minstrels, eventually returning, after a series of provincial tours, to the Syndicate Halls. In 1886 the Alhambra claimed Mr. Dowsett's attention, and he remained there seven years as stage-manager. Here he introduced several new features, including a furtherance of the "turn" system. The beginning of 1892 saw Mr. Dowsett join Mr. Morton as assistant-manager of the Tivoli, and, when the latter left to take charge of the Palace, Mr. Dowsett took over his duties as manager. It is only right to say the task was by no means easy, realising the weight carried by Mr. Morton. However, no house can show up to more advantage than the Strand "paradise," both as regards accommodation and money's-worth. Mr. Dowsett has had a very varied career, and his many successes only show that more credit is due to him.

A. W.





## SALAMANDERS CHEZ EUX.

Even marvellous creatures in the form of man who walk, like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the midst of fire unharmed, must have their mundane moments, when they live like meaner mortals. And so it came about that, despite an inevitable feeling of unduly anticipating matters, I



paid a visit to the people who live in flames, professionally, on the stage of the Brixton Theatre, the "Salambo," at their temporary "diggings" hard by Kennington Oval (writes a representative of *The Sketch*).

A handsome, good-natured, expressive face has this Fire King up to date, Salambo, and Madame, with her pretty *riant* mouth and bright ways, is an altogether fascinating personage, and I soon find that they are a couple of rare experience, well dowered with the saving grace of humour. Madame finds two performances a-day somewhat exhausting, but otherwise they both seem to thrive on their diet and in their atmosphere of fire.

"Twenty years we have played together," said Madame, with her pleasant smile, "and nine years we have been married. We were about thirteen when we first took our own company touring, but I appeared as Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' at five years old, and have been performing one way or another ever since."

"Seven distinct entertainments we give when desired," chimed in Mr. Salambo, for the chat was of the pleasant three-cornered variety, "and our thought-transmission is, some folk think, even more popular than our electrical and fire show."

Here Madame volunteered to show me something of her power in this direction, and with marvellous rapidity and perfect accuracy told me the date of my birth, the number of seconds I had lived—which I do not intend to record here, as age is not always held venerable in these days of "young men"—and read an inscription and date inside a souvenir ring of mine, the said dates, &c., being known to Salambo, but no communication by word or look or sign passing between them.

"My father was a chemist," said Salambo, "and I was always dipping into his books, and even as a small boy I did chemical experiments. We began giving them as an entertainment, just with the vanishing paper business, blowing on paper and igniting it, and so on, and then we added one thing to another until the show grew to be what it is now."

What that is, all Londoners know who have been to the Brixton pantomime, where the Salampos apparently eat fire, breathe flame, allow electricity to pass through their bodies in sufficient force to produce a strong arc-light from two uninsulated carbons held in their bare hands, draw sparks from each other, and generally conduct themselves like the human Salamanders that they are.

"It took three years to perfect the arc-light business," says Salambo, "and we don't feel any ill effect. The fire-breathing is the result of a chemical combination of my own. Our bodies are really charged with electricity during our performance, and when we have finished we drain off the surplus, as it were, by an apparatus of my own invention."

"Yes," interjected Madame, "and it feels like a thousand needles."

From which I concluded that even the life of a Fire Queen is "not all lavender."

"When we were at Monte Video," said Salambo, "we used a dog in our entertainment, and lighted articles at his body, Madame and I each touching one side to form a circuit. When this was over, we used to give the dog to the Director of Music, and he started it down the orchestra-aisle among the audience, that they might see he wasn't wired. And I used to say, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, if any of you like to come up, I will show you that it can be done with a human as well as with a dog.' 'You can't take fire from me, Massa—can't do it!' sang out an old nigger one night. Well, I asked him to come up, and he came. As he came up the orchestra-aisle on to the stage, my wife took him by one ear and I by the other, and formed a circuit. That nigger believed us then. He just turned a complete somersault, and we let him go back into his place. Next morning he applied for a warrant against us for assault!"

"And—battery, of course?" I remarked.

"Yes," said Madame, with a smile; and then she too lapsed into the reminiscent mood. "Ah," said she, "we have had some funny experiences. In Hong-Kong they chased us for real devils, and shot at us; here are the scars left by the bullets"; and there they were, sure enough, two white marks on the head, and a third bullet hit Madame in the leg and brought her to the ground, but Salambo caught her up and carried her to a place of safety.

"The Parsees, on the other hand, treated us as if we were gods. Then, in Philadelphia," continued the Fire Queen, "we were playing in a piece called 'The Tin Napoleon.' We were supposed to be able to conquer everything, and, without doing it at rehearsal, one of the performers, on the first night, dropped an eight-foot boa-constrictor over my shoulders from the back. I felt paralysed with horror, and the snake, stirred up by the electricity in my body, began to crush. Salambo saw something was wrong, and a snake-charmer in the company got the beast away just in time; but I bore the marks of his embrace for many a day on my hips. If he had gone for my waist he would probably have killed me. The snake died in two hours from the effect of the electricity."

"Another time," remarked Salambo, "we were playing in the Calcutta Fair scene in 'Round the World in Eighty Days,' and, for greater effect, we gave our entertainment on the back of an elephant. The first time, the electricity so affected him that he tore me down from his back with his trunk, smashed the howdah, and went on like a mad thing for a little while. After that we put a thick indiarubber coat over him before we began, to act as an insulator, and we had no further trouble."

And now it was time for the genial Salampos to take their departure for the theatre, so, with a glance at a handsome sky-blue costume Madame had in hand—for she is an expert needlewoman in addition to her other accomplishments, and makes a dozen or more costumes for her husband and herself every year, and a cordial good wish for their continued success in their Salamandrine capacity, I went out from the Home of the Fire King into the snow-covered streets, feeling that I had met what Mr. Jefferson D. Brick would have been for once fully justified in calling "a most remarkable man"—and woman! Moreover, thoughts of the Thirteen Club flitted through my mind as I recalled a detail worth chronicling—namely, that Madame Salambo is the thirteenth child of her worthy mother, which fact, in her case, as she says in her cheery way, seems to have "brought her nothing but luck!"





## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## ABOUT BAGHDAD.\*

Mr. Harris is becoming a veteran traveller in the "storied East." The present narrative will sustain the interest already awakened in his readers by the records of his journeys to Yemen and Tafiilet. He has an eye to the picturesque, and sympathy for the humanity, complex and cosmopolitan enough, against which he rubs shoulders in the narrow streets of Tiflis and the bazaars of Baghdad. He left his home in snow-white Tangier with regrets which they can share who have felt the fascination of the old Moorish sea-port that is only three hours' steam from "Gib." For there may be seen the unvarying East in the crowds still drawn together by snake-charmer and story-teller; there, too, the *sok*, or market-place, yielded to one sightseer the rare phenomenon of a dead donkey.

Coasting zigzag from port to port on either side of the Mediterranean, Mr. Harris reached Constantinople, the picturesque without, the filthy within, and thence steamed across the Black Sea to Batum, famous for its enormous output of petroleum, the smell of which pervades the place. At the more odorous Tiflis, the capital of Transcaucasia, where East and West meet in caravanserai and opera-house, in factory chimney and bazaar, Mr. Harris spent Easter, the most important festival of the Greek Church. He describes with vividness the scene when, as a rocket announces the midnight hour, the priests and choir hurry through the open door of the sacred building, crying "Christ is risen!" and bearing lighted tapers, at which a seething crowd light their candles, till the church becomes one blaze of glory, "every picture and detail of the decoration, and every figure in it," taking form and shape, while the air vibrates with Easter congratulations. At Tiflis no such explosive material, threatening to convert a festival into a fight, is heaped together as at that sacred time in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, when the butt-ends of Mohammedan muskets keep the several sects of Christians from flying at one another's throats.

In this record of journeys across Transcaucasia, nothing strikes the reader more than the persistent enterprise of Russia in opening communication as her paw lays hold of adjacent lands. She has followed the lead of Imperial Rome in the great roads with which the old mistress of the world pierced mountains and bridged rivers, far as the frontiers of the Empire might stretch. Yet, withal, while railway-sleepers are laid and posting-routes established, there remains the stolid, incurious East, its monotony broken only where restless Kurds work havoc and rapine, and despots complete the ruin. Beyond the broad, level steppes there lies the beautiful scenery that invests Erivan, town of many sieges, situate on the borders of Persia, Russia, and Turkey, and famous for the great monastery, "centre of the Armenian religion and birthplace of the Gregorian Church." Mr. Harris purposely declines to discuss the burning question of Armenia, but he has much of interest to tell of her religion and her rites; and if he diverges for a moment to speak of the people, it is to hint that they do not lack that share of "human nature" of which Sam Slick reminds us so much dwells in man. As Erivan is left, the famous double peaks—the lower conical, the higher dome-shaped—of Ararat come into view; but Mr. Harris betrays neither emotion at the sight of a mountain so tragically connected with the catastrophe of the Flood, nor scepticism as to that event having happened. Far different was the attitude of the author of "Eöthen" when, on being shown some relics of the wondrous banquet of Cana of Galilee, he pronounced the petrification to be complete!

Crossing the Araxes River, which divides Russia from Persia, the barbaric East, with all its worst features of oppression and rapacity, is reached, and as Mr. Harris stands before a miserable group of law-breakers, strikingly depicted in his volume, he rebukes the political selfishness

which would hinder Russia from knocking these chains off the "subjects of the Shah." At Tabriz, the first town of importance within the Persian frontier, Mr. Harris recalls to our memory the tragic story of Hussein, familiar to the readers of Gibbon and of Matthew Arnold's essay on a "Persian Passion Play." For in a vault under the magnificent ruins of the Blue Mosque he saw corpses in all stages of decomposition, which are stored there till the relatives can scrape enough money together to send them for interment in the holy city of Kerbela, beyond Baghdad, where the murdered Imam is buried. At the sepulchre, although thirteen centuries have passed, his Persian votaries gather yearly, "abandoning their souls" (I quote Gibbon) "to the religious frenzy of sorrow and indignation."

Pursuing a southerly route, Mr. Harris arrived at Maragha, interesting as an ancient settlement of Nestorian Christians, followers of the so-called heretical Patriarch of Constantinople, who, in the fifth century, was banished, through the wiles of Cyril, the murderer of Hypatia. Of the Ishmaelitic Kurds he has a good word to say, since, with all their wildness and ferocity, he found them hospitable and kindly to the stranger, even making high festival in his honour, men and women performing before him in graceful dance to a pipe.

The entire chapter dealing with life in Persian Kurdistan is to be commended, but space forbids quotation as to Kurdish manners and customs, and compels rapid reference to Baghdad, the City of the Caliphs, which was the goal of Mr. Harris's wanderings. Far-famed as the centre of commerce and culture when Europe was under the shadow of the dark ages, one seeks in vain, under Turkish misrule, for some traces of her ancient glory. Such few as survive, the skilful pen of the author has transferred in their sunset glow to his closing pages. This done, he steams from the city of Haroun-al-Raschid down the Tigris, and from the port of Busra takes westward course till Tangier is again in sight.

## A VENETIAN LOVE-STORY.

The single fault to be found with "A Venetian Love-Story," by Blanche Loftus Tottenham (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.), is the leisureliness of its movement. It winds and creeps towards its Niagara with a sluggishness which is at once un-Italian and inartistic. It is the old, old story of souls wrecked, like ships by the lights of Cornish wreckers, through a woman's mercenary eyes. An Italian conscript, under orders for the front at Massowah, entrusts his

clandestine correspondence with his sweetheart to his friend, a painter. The woman, as divine in person as in soul she is earthy, seduces the heart of the intermediary, but his loyalty to his friend she cannot corrupt, though, "finding it hard to conquer, he learns to fly." He flies to Paris, from whence, however, he is summoned back to Venice and into temptation by the news of his mother's imminent death. After his mother's death, he lingers still in his Capua, and is caught at last in the web of his mercenary siren, though his weakness now cannot be called disloyalty, since his friend is supposed to have been killed in battle. His friend, however, returns and challenges the painter to a duel with knives, which is fought out in the presence of the *taterrima belli causa*. The painter slips, falls, the knife drops from his hand, and he is at the mercy of his rival, who clutches him by the throat and is about to stab him to the heart, when the remembrance of their old friendship paralyses his arm. At this moment he sees a look of horror in the painter's eyes, and hears from his lips an exclamation, which the fear of immediate death had not and could not have caused. "Then something flashed in the moonlight, and a sharp, stinging pain struck him between the shoulders—down, down to his heart. With a groan, Bastian—poor, generous, passionate Bastian—sank to the ground, with the blade of Paolo's knife driven through his back by the woman he had loved and who had betrayed him." The painter goes mad and the woman prospers. If the whole story had been as dramatic as its close, no fault could have been found with it.



ENTRANCE TO THE BAZAAR.

From "Batum to Baghdad."

\* "From Batum to Baghdad: via Tiflis, Tabriz, and Persia Kurdistan." By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S. With illustrations and maps. London: W. Blackwood and sons.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Watson's protesting sonnets, "The Year of Shame" (Lane), have been issued with a preface by the Bishop of Hereford. They are clear enough to be read by the multitude, one would think; but poetry is suspect to-day, and "it has been felt that a few words of plain prose may assist in carrying the book into some homes which it would not otherwise have entered." A good many of the poems have already been published in "The Purple East," but the new ones—new, save to the readers of certain newspapers—are by no means the least good of what must be counted Mr. Watson's finest work. To-day a political weapon, to be cheered or abused according to one's sentiments on the Armenian difficulty, to-morrow they must be precious to all who love and honour the austere English muse. I think some will die of their own splenetic exaggeration; but this will last for the utterance of the troubles of another day—

How weary is our heart these many days!  
Yea, for the ravelled night is round the lands,  
And sick are we of all the imperial story.  
The tramp of Power, and its long trail of pain;  
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown hoary  
The mighty hands,  
That in the dear, affronted name of Peace  
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;  
The emulous armies waxing without cease!  
All-puissant, all in vain.

It is a hundred years since the death of James Macpherson, and Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues have sent out a centenary edition of his "Ossian." It is a pretty book, and a charming specimen of printing, which makes the list of Corrigenda the more distressing—though the reason given for these is adequate enough. However, the errors are not in the text, but in Mr. William Sharp's Introduction, a very suitable and concise Introduction all the same. But will even Celtic fanatics hold with him that "no single work in our literature has had so wide-reaching, so potent, and so enduring an influence" as this version of "Ossian"? I think the influence of "Hamlet" has probably been more wide-reaching, potent, and enduring. But Mr. Sharp is evidently thinking of writing-folks, and there was a time when they stole largely from Macpherson, and spread his words and the atmosphere he breathed throughout Europe. The editor comes to very sane conclusions respecting Macpherson's rendering—that he could have done little without originals, and that he treated his originals just as he liked. The number of those deeply interested in the old controversy cannot be large. The main thing is to hold, or not to hold, that the version is genuine poetry. The issue of the centenary edition must raise that point once more. There will always be two parties. Even among poetry-lovers, such as actually prefer Shelley to the daily paper, there must always be many whom this kind of thing leaves cold: "Hast thou left thy blue course in Heaven, golden-haired son of the sky? The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads. They see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with fear. Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O sun! let thy return be in joy!" *Cela ne leur dit pas grande chose.* It is against the native genius of their poetry, they declare, and they are much inclined to call it drivel. Whatever Macpherson was, he had the keenest scent for the genius of his race, and he exaggerates even to a slanderous degree their failure in architecture.

The *Yellow Book* has a notable article by Mr. Henry James on a subject of general interest. "She and He: Human Documents," deals, of course, with the story of George Sand and Musset; but it is not written to retell that old muddle of romance and tragedy, even by the light of the new papers printed in the *Revue de Paris* of November last. It is really a discussion of the subject how far "copy" may be made out of personal experiences which have been shared by others—"the greatest of literary quarrels, the quarrel beside which all others are mild and arrangeable, the eternal dispute between the public and the private, between curiosity and delicacy." Mr. James is too cautious, too qualifying in his methods, to give a decision, or what the ordinary man would accept as a decision; but he contributes in a valuable way to the discussion of the question, and with admirable vividness paints a picture of a time that is coming, when the strife between the pursuer of personal facts and documents and the pursued in possession of these will be bitter indeed.

Then the cunning of the inquirer, envenomed with resistance, will exceed in subtlety and ferocity anything we to-day conceive, and the pale, forewarned victim, with every track covered, every paper burnt, and every letter unanswered, will, in the tower of art, the invulnerable granite, stand, without a sally, the siege of all the years.

Mr. Benson goes back to his "Dodo" model in his new story "The Babe B.A." just issued by Messrs. Putnam's. When Mr. Benson is serious, as in "Limitations," we are apt to say he is dull. When he is frivolous, he pretty frequently receives no kinder treatment. But "The Babe" should get its due. It is clever and light and very innocent. It needs real talent to make a fool or a child talk in a book, and Mr. Benson can do it. The Babe is a good-natured, scatterbrained undergraduate, whom everybody laughs at and likes. He is presented with no small amount of skill and humour. Yet is there not a slight want of humour in this somewhat lengthy record of foolish nothings, stale college-jokes? The Babe would be a delightful incident anywhere, but as the *pièce de résistance* he is slightly unsubstantial.

## THE ENGLISH BILLIARD CHAMPION.

In one great respect the sport or pastime of billiards stands alone. In all other games there is a preference on the part of the majority to witness rather than to play. Billiards, however, has been aptly named the fascinating pastime, and it is one that appeals with great magnetism to the majority of Englishmen.

The difference between the professionals and the amateurs is far greater at billiards than at any other pastime. The reason is obvious. Billiards requires an enormous amount of practice and great physical elements. The eyesight must be keen and the hand true, and, above all, the temperament must be even.

At what the public knows to be English billiards W. J. Peall is the admitted champion. Where the ordinary British gentleman would be proud of a break of 40, Peall holds the record with an effort amounting to 3304. Furthermore, he has on about thirty occasions exceeded the 2000, and this feat alone has defied the efforts of any other billiard-player. Even John Roberts, the spot-barred champion, has never exceeded the 1000, at any rate not by many, with the dangerous hazard permitted.

"I suppose," remarked a representative of *The Sketch* to Peall, "that at the conclusion of a huge effort of this nature you would sink back exhausted on a couch, as actors are reported to do after the performance of a trying part like Hamlet?"

"I never feel tired of billiards," he said. "When I finish a big break I am ready to start on another one. On the contrary, I can assure you that the intervals are regrettable from my point of view. For instance, just when you are in the swing of a game and begin to feel in form, you have to stop because time is up. When you resume, next day, perhaps your hands are cold and your eye has to become acclimatised anew."

"Then how do you account for the fact that nobody else can touch you at English billiards?"

"I suppose," he said, "that nobody else has cared to give the stroke the attention that I bestowed upon it. I always had a love of billiards, and once I began to practise this particular stroke I went at it till I perfected it. I admit that my diminutiveness of stature is a point in my favour, but I do not agree with the contention that I am just the height for this stroke. I think I could do better if I were three or four inches taller. Of course, further than that I would be handicapped, because to a tall man the strain of bending over to the spot would be too great."

"Then you are seriously handicapped for ordinary billiards?"

"Unquestionably. There are some strokes that I cannot make simply because of awkwardness of reach. There are others which I can make, but not to the best advantage. For instance, at top-of-the-table play, which is the cause of so many big breaks in these latter days, I have the utmost difficulty to keep position—to keep a position, that is, which does not necessitate the use of the rests."

"And yet you are not to be despised at the spot-barred game?"

"Well, I did manage to compile a break of 571, which stands as my record, while I once made 116 consecutive cannons. You will notice that I have just been matched with Roberts in a game of 24,000 up, in which I receive a start of 12,000. Only once before have I met Roberts on these terms, and I proved successful, the match being for £1000."

"Would Roberts make a good show if he set himself to practise the stroke?"

"It is likely. At present it is a mistake for the public to suppose that a game between us would be one-sided. I may prove the more dangerous behind the red, but, then, you must remember that Roberts by his advantage of skill could gain position far more frequently than could I."

"It is argued that when you compile a long break there is a groove made from the spot to the pocket, which is strongly conducive to potting."

"That is the line made by the red continually travelling in one direction. It is, perhaps, of some use, but it is not everything, because I made a break of 2090 in a match with Mitchell, when the cloth had to be changed every day."

"Is it not strange that amateurs seem to be unable to gain a mastery over the push-stroke?"

"I have seen one or two amateurs who are exceedingly good at nursery cannons, but I cannot say that many of them excel at the push-stroke. At the same time, it is only right for me to point out that the amateurs who enter for the championship do not represent the best class."

"You have trained quite a number of illustrious players?"

"Yes, but I am allowing my number of pupils to diminish. While playing never bores me, teaching is rather a tax."

It may be interesting to state that Mr. Peall is an ardent cyclist. He stands only five feet. His touch is exceedingly fine.



W. J. PEALL.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

The Gould case goes peacefully—or shall we say agitatedly?—on its way. What the end of it all is to be, goodness only knows; but if this piece of business, unfortunate as it is, be the means of instilling a degree of common sense into the minds of mischievous legislators, then some good will come out of the evil. Legislation has now grown to be a mania. Nobody knows exactly what he is legislating about, judging by results, and I am quite sure that we should get on just as well without any legislation at all. The idea of regarding Arthur Gould and the Welsh Union, to say nothing of the subscribers to the fund, as professionals, simply because the prince of three-quarters is to be testimonialised, is one that offers great possibilities to Mr. W. S. Gilbert. The purists have gone over to fanaticism. I am quite as eager as are they to preserve amateurism, but surely this may be done in a sensible and broadminded way. At present the International championship is a puzzle. Wales has not yet met Scotland, and, unless the International Board comes round to a sensible view of things, I am afraid never will.

Next Saturday we are to have the second round of the Association Cup-ties, in which for the first time for many, many years a Southern club figures. It must be said, however, that Southampton St. Mary's were lucky to win the re-play with Hleanor, who, for the most part with only ten men, lost by no larger a margin than 1—0. St. Mary's have now to entertain Newton Heath, and they seem equal to the task.

Much sympathy will be expressed for the two Notts clubs, which have again to go away from home. The County will meet their doom at Perry Bar, and I am afraid that Notts Forest will not treat Sunderland as they treated Sheffield Wednesday. It is well that Sunderland have, at last, been given choice of ground. Liverpool go to West Bromwich, where they won the League match, but there is rather less hope for the Wolverhampton Wanderers at Blackburn. Bury should easily lose to Everton, who are very lucky in the draw, but Derby, on their own ground, are likely to pull through. Mr. Roston-Bourke has at last been recognised by the Football Association since his suspension.

The England team to play Ireland at Nottingham on the 20th has been chosen, and contains four players new to International honours. These are Robinson, of Derby County, in goal; Middleditch, of the Corinthians, at half; Wheldon, of Aston Villa, at inside left; and Bradshaw, of Liverpool, at outside. All these are deserving of the honour, and, as the team is completed by the usual cracks, one may express sympathy with Ireland.

## CRICKET.

From all accounts the genus umpire is causing much perturbation over in the colonies. His special weakness would seem to lie in catches at the wicket, for which, it is said, his eyes are not sharp enough. The worst of it is, from one point of view, that the man who receives the benefit of a doubt, if there be a doubt, early in his innings generally goes on and runs up a terrific score. If you have been a close observer of cricket, you will have noticed this peculiar characteristic. Of course, it is seldom that a big innings is compiled without a chance, but, when the chance is offered after the batsman has run up a fair number, the situation is normal.

It is terribly distressing to a fieldsman to see a man who has been badly missed settle himself down to the compilation of a huge score. As you may remember, Abel last season, in making his record innings of 231 against Essex at the Oval, was badly missed in the slips with his figures at two. In the Surrey and Yorkshire match, Hayward, whose great century innings was the main factor in the defeat of the champions, was missed not once, but twice, in the slips before he had compiled 20.

Some players seem to have subsidised Providence when they go to the wickets. As a rule, the lucky men are the men who hit out, for the obvious reason that these men take risks, and that no fieldsman can be infallible. I think the luckiest innings I ever saw compiled was by Mr. J. Eccles, for Lancashire against Surrey. This happened some nine or ten years ago, at the Oval, when Mr. P. M. Bowden, the poor Dulwich boy who lately died from fever in Africa, officiated behind the wicket for the Southerners. Eccles made something like 189, and, seriously, I should say that he was missed about twenty-five times. He offered many chances at the wicket, and in the long field Maurice Read missed him with a consistency that was positively bewildering.

A number of people constantly urge that Maurice Read was quite as good in long field as William Gunn. I never could agree to this. From my own observation, Read was one of the most unreliable men for catching. His temperament was, I think, against him. He was too anxious, too impulsive, and his nerves were too evident. In the art of throwing in a ball, however, and especially from third man, Read was almost unapproachable. He was always a keen cricketer, and, because of his variability, he was most delightful to watch.

But to return to Australia. I wanted to make mention of the fact that J. J. Kelly, who came over with Harry Trott's team last year as wicket-keeper-in-chief, has been promoted to a high place in the batting list in the colonies, and, what is more, has justified it. He hit up a splendid 51 for New South Wales against Victoria, and displayed considerable skill as well as aggressiveness.

In the same match Iredale and Gregory both batted very well, though it was Gregory who was supposed to have received the benefit of a wrong decision when he had made but a few. Most of the Australians

who were over here last season are doing well at home, more particularly Harry Trott, who is making runs with terrific success.

## ROWING.

Preparations at the Universities for the Boat-race are now in thorough swing. The present outlook suggests the possibility of a victory for Oxford, who, I understand, are to have six or seven of their last year's victorious eight. They have, moreover, a number of good new men available, such as A. O. Dowson, the well-known Rugbyist, and Whitworth, the stroke of New College at Henley.

Then, on the other hand, Cambridge have been disappointed of Rupert Guinness. The amateur sculling champion had gone up to Cambridge with the ostensible motive of gaining his blue, but his heart has been weak, and he has been medically advised not to row. In addition, Pennington and Taylor, both of Caius, who assisted last year, are unable to join the boat. One of the new-comers is Goldie, of Eton, son of the late J. H. D. Goldie. Both strokes will be the same. At present there has been no suggested alteration of the date, April 3.

OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is gratifying to find such a large acceptance for the Jubilee Stakes. I am told that it is just on the cards that a number of high personages who will be visiting this country at the time in connection with the Diamond festivities will be asked to witness the race. The Prince of Wales is very partial to the Kempton Meeting; but I am sorry to see that Thais has been struck out of the Jubilee, as I thought she had a big chance. It is very likely that Victor Wild will be specially prepared for this race, and, if he is as good as he was last year, he will win it.

Evidently Lord Rosebery thought the same as a good many other people with regard to the weighting of Quarrel in the Lincoln—namely, that the horse was absurdly treated. But it was ever thus. Horses that run straight are notoriously harshly handicapped, as Sir Blundell Maple can testify, and in Quarrel we had another example. The horse never did anything all through last season to warrant the assumption that he was a couple of pounds better than Dianna Forget, or within twelve pounds of Clorane. Further, the last-named gave Quarrel close on three stone and a sound thrashing in the race under notice. So Quarrel has gone out. At present Yorker is very much fancied for the Lincoln Handicap; but speculators should hold their hands until it is known which is really the best of Robinson's lot.

The entry of Cloister in the Grand National and the weighting of that great chaser at 12 st. 7 lb. bring to mind that he was given 5 lb. less than he ought to have received three years ago. On the morning that the *Calendar* with the weights was published, a well-known sporting writer met Mr. Duff, who said, "Isn't it a shame? They've given Cloister 12 st. 12 lb. It will break his heart, for he's so game he is sure to struggle on when he is beaten, and he can't win, especially if it is heavy going. Would you strike him out?" The gentleman to whom the words were addressed replied in the affirmative, and a good many other people the writer met seemed to think that Cloister's weight was 12 st. 12 lb. Great was the surprise, therefore, to see the printed weight in the *Calendar* 12 st. 7 lb. When the handicapper saw it he was furious, and went down to the office vowing that the printer must have made a mistake, and that he would write to the stewards and the newspapers. However, it was as well he did not, for he had the manuscript produced, and there saw that he had given the horse only 12 st. 7 lb. It seemed lucky that Mr. Duff did not strike out his horse, but subsequent events showed that it would have been better had he done so. I, for one, should be much surprised if Cloister stood another preparation. I am told that the winner of the Grand National will be either Norton, who is leniently handicapped, or Wild Man from Borneo, who is said to be slowly but surely returning to his very best form.

It is well known that many of the racecourse managers insure their meetings against abandonment through frost or snow. This is all very well for the proprietors of racecourses, but where do the owners of horses come in? Often, of late, meetings have been abandoned, and owners have thereby been put to great expense. I think the least that clerks of courses could do under the circumstances would be to pay for the boxes and the railway-tickets of the travelling-lads. If this plan were to be generally adopted, many more horses would arrive at meetings about which a doubt existed.

According to rumour, the rearrangement of the handicappers, with the rule passed prohibiting handicappers from acting as clerks of the course at meetings for which they apportion the weights, has seriously eaten into the big incomes of one or two of the officials. As a consequence, competition has become keener, and the cutting of prices is sure to be the order of the day. Presently clerks of courses may be able to get their handicapping done for nothing, after which we may expect to soon hear that the apportioning of the weights is to be given to the gentleman who pays the highest sum for being allowed to do the work!

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The title of "The Prodigal Father," produced at the Strand Theatre on Tuesday last week, seems rather remote. I fail to see that because an elderly gentleman tells fairy-tales concerning his imaginary travels, or, accompanied by his butler, wanders over the land, without seriously impoverishing himself, in vain courtship of a music-hall performer, he can be called prodigal. No doubt the title is unimportant, but I have a grievance, since it caused me to expect and hope that we should have a version of Dumas' interesting and somewhat unfilial play "Un Père Prodigue." "One man's meat is another man's poison," says the old saw, and one may change it to "one man's laughter is another man's groan." There was laughter all round me, and yet Mr. Glen Macdonough's humour did not touch me; it seemed to be too easy-going, too cheap. This, of course, is an exhibition of "the superior person" attitude, and culpable; but I cannot help it.

After a long absence from the stage, Miss Florence Gerard may well be pardoned if her ingenious work showed some exaggeration—one must have confidence before venturing to use the minimum of means. As the Tartarin with a guilty secret, Mr. Paulton laboured splendidly—no part ever seems to daunt him, and he gave his catch-word, "I refer you to Smith," with an air of immense enjoyment. The company is really good, from the clever little Miss Lulu Valli to Mr. Charles Collette, whose name awakens thoughts of many merry hours. Mr. Charles Weir, whose name is new to me, seems to be a capital light comedian, and I was quite grieved that Mr. William Hargreaves did not have a longer part: his Smith was very funny. Miss May Palfrey, of course, was charming. The laughter—which I heard with envy—was so full and free that the piece seems to the taste of the public, and not unlikely to bring back the little playhouse to favour.

M. Clovis Hugues has given to the world interesting information concerning the contemplated establishment in Paris of a Socialist Theatre, and concerning the dramatic works he is composing for the purpose of Socialistic propaganda. It appears that his play, "Le Mauvais Larron," which has already been performed for the special benefit of Gallic Socialists, is only the first section of a trilogy which M. Hugues has designed. The second part, entitled "St. Paul at Ephesus," will show the "revolt" of the "workers" against the Christianity that harmed some of them economically by preventing their making idols; and the third portion of the trilogy, "The Heretic," will deal with the "revolt" of Free Thought in the Middle Ages against the authority of the Catholic Church. Apparently M. Hugues has planned a scheme of great dimensions, but its subject-matter will necessarily unfit it for stage representation before any but purely partisan audiences.

"The Electrician" is the title of a new drama by an American author that is shortly to be produced. The playwright, Mr. Charles E. Blaney, has chosen as his hero a young electrician, whom he calls Tom Edison. Properly done, this eminently topical drama ought to be successful among Edison's countrymen.

It is rumoured that Miss Ada Rehan is to appear in the course of this year in a play on the subject of Joan of Arc, which will be adapted from the French by Mr. Augustin Daly. The rôle of the Pucelle whom Voltaire so unkindly vilified ought to be well suited to Miss Rehan's physique and method.

Miss Elsie Mervyn, who is touring with "The Lady Slavey," was born at Marlow, and is of Irish extraction. After being a frequent performer at benefits and smaller concerts in London, where her excellent soprano voice and lively dancing attracted some attention, she



MISS MERVYN.

Photo by Museo Brothers, Carlisle.

adopted the stage as a profession last August. She gained useful experience on tour with "The Sign of the Cross," where her dancing met with favourable notice.

I may set side by side two instances of anti-artistic bigotry, one successful, the other unsuccessful. In the latter case an Alderman in the Cardiff County Council objected strenuously, but, for a good thing, unavailingly, against a proposed performance by the provincial Moore and Burgess Company at one of the local halls on Good Friday. *Per contra*, the Catholic influence in Montréal was exerted successfully to prevent the appearance of Yvette Guilbert at the Monument National.

## THE RETURN OF MISS FLORENCE GERARD.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting, but it was a case of dress-makers and rehearsals this afternoon, especially dressmakers, and one always gets kept longer than one means to stay." So said Miss Gerard apologetically, shortly before her appearance at the Strand Theatre, one bitterly cold afternoon, when she found me installed in her rooms in Conduit Street awaiting her (writes a *Sketch* representative).

"This will be your first appearance in England after a considerable interval, I think?"

"Yes, it is a very pleasant circumstance to me that I should be once again under my old manager, Mr. John S. Clarke. I was with him at the Haymarket in the old days, before I joined the Bancrofts there, and my only regret at the present time is that Mr. Clarke is not acting with us as well as managing."

"Where did your theatrical career commence?"

"At the Theatre Royal, Plymouth. I was in a stock company there, under Mr. Newcombe, and played all sorts of parts—boys, men, guardsmen, and so forth; but I studied under Mrs. Stirling, afterwards Lady Gregory."

"Do you come from a theatrical stock?"

"No, I am the only member of my family on the stage. I read with Mrs. Hermann Vezin, and learnt dancing with Mr. D'Auban. My experiences in the stock company would fill a book. I announced the carriage and 'shut the door,' and other similar and responsible tasks. After that I played in London, at the Olympic, under Mr. Henry Neville. I was Nan in 'Good for Nothing,' Marjorie in 'Rough Diamonds'; then I appeared in Gilbert's 'Vagabonds,' 'Black Ey'd Susan,' 'The Turn of the Tide,' 'Henry Dunbar,' Charles Reade's 'Moonstone.' Then I went to the provinces, playing leading lady in the 'Caste' Company. It was after then that I was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre; we were in the thick of rehearsals when I was taken ill, my tour in the provinces having overtaken my strength, and I was forced to rest for six months. When I was well again, I went to Mr. J. S. Clarke at the Haymarket, and played the chief parts in 'The Rivals' and 'Marriage.'"

"But you did eventually play with the Bancrofts, didn't you?"

"Yes, very soon after being with Mr. J. S. Clarke. I was Esther Eccles in 'Caste' and Bella in 'School.' I had very happy times with the Bancrofts," said Miss Gerard. "I think everyone in the profession owes them a debt of gratitude; they were ideal managers, and treated their company as artists; and it was a superb school too. They took all the responsibilities off our shoulders, and paid for all the dresses—a practice which was not so general in those days. In my opinion, they brought in the natural school of acting, and led the way in a path followed by so many artists since."

"During my engagement with the Bancrofts," continued Miss Gerard, "they lent me to the Princess's to play with Mr. Edwin Booth. He was a great actor, and so simple and modest. One of my best parts was Ophelia to his Hamlet. I was also Julie de Mortmain in 'Richelieu,' and Fiordelisa in 'A Fool's Revenge.' Then I went back to the Haymarket, and from there to Toole's to appear in 'M.P.,' which had a big success. At the Adelphi I played in 'Janet Pride' and other melodramas under the Gattis. At Drury Lane Theatre I figured in Pettitt's 'Taken from Life,' not to speak of engagements at the Surrey and Standard Theatres, and with the Vokes family in my early days."

"And what did you do in America?"

"I was at the Fifth Avenue Theatre under the management of Mr. John B. Stetson, and among the pieces in which I played were 'Money,' 'The Celebrated Case,' 'The Duke's Motto,' 'Ruy Blas,' and 'Confusion.' After that I came back again to England and supported Madame Modjeska, and went through the provinces in 'The Silver Shield.' Returning once more to America, I was at Wallack's Theatre a short time under the management of my husband, Mr. Abbey. There I reversed my rôles, taking the parts of Polly Eccles and Naomi Tighe, which were associated with Mrs. Bancroft here. Then came my marriage, when I rang the curtain down on my career; and now," said Miss Gerard with one of the swift smiles which light up her attractive face, "I am going to ring it up again. I hope the audience will not say I have rung it up too soon."

"I don't think you will find yourself forgotten by London playgoers."

"No, because they are the most loyal people in the world. I like American audiences, too, very much, but they are quite different. They want more entertaining, and like something bright and pretty. They are tired when they come to the play, for all the men work there, and so require amusing, and too serious a piece is not always to their taste."



MISS FLORENCE GERARD.

Photo by Fulk, Sydney.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

Seldom, if ever, has any regiment of the Line sprung into such notoriety as the Sporting 106th, better known as the Durham Light Infantry. The success that has attended them in the polo-field seems to have given them a zest for all other sports as well. At their Regimental Sports, lately held at Poona, among many other events, the bicycle, of course, found a place. The Musical Ride on cycles given by the bicycle section of the regiment was wonderfully well carried out. The bicycles were covered with coloured papers in suitable tints, and added greatly to the effect in the various manoeuvres of wheeling and turning. This is an excellent idea, and I commend it to the notice of those who will, no doubt, be getting up Bicycle Gymkhanas during the coming season.

Why should there not be started point-to-point races on bicycles across country? With those who are fond of violent exercise, without much regard for their necks, it would, I am sure, become popular. Roads, of course, would have to be forbidden, except for short distances, and the crossing of a ploughed field would afford endless amusement to all except the competitors. If any daring spirits wish to try a chase of this sort, I shall be pleased to supply the necessary rules.

"The Road and Path Cycling Association" seems to be progressing rapidly, and, if it will only remain content with a limited number of members of the right sort, and not go into the highways and byways for fresh candidates, it will be a success socially; but how about financially? If the Cyclists' Touring Club of England can only just make ends meet, with its 50,000 members at five shillings each, how the R.P.C.A. will manage is a mystery.

Owing to the unprecedented demand for machines for the coming season, I see that many of the leading firms are going to raise the trade price of their cycles about a pound each. This is bad news for the would-be riders who have not yet purchased their mounts. I fancy in the new cycles of 1897 we shall not hear so much of the extreme lightness which characterised those of last year. The "feather-weight" has been rather overdone, and, in many cases, strength has been sacrificed to lightness, with the result of some serious breakdowns. The ordinary rider does not want a racing-machine, and stability is of more consequence than a pound or two of weight.

It will be of interest to cycling tourists to hear that there is a proposal to make a carriage-road over the Sty Head Pass, one of the finest, or perhaps I might venture to say, the finest, of the passes in the



THE HUMOURS OF THE WHEEL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS MILLICENT WOODSIDE, BELFAST.

The pneumatic compensation cycle, of which I spoke some weeks back, has now blossomed into life and will soon produce fruit. The company has been formed, the capital being £15,000, in £1 shares, which are now at a premium. The pneumatic principle, as applied in this machine, does not necessitate rubber tyres in any shape whatever, as with iron, wood, or vulcanite rims resiliency is given equal to any obtained from the best pneumatic tyre. The invention consists in two pneumatic cylinders being placed one under the saddle and the other on the upright just over the front wheel. The mode of application of these pneumatic bearings does not interfere with the rigidity in the least. The weight of the rider, and all shock, from whatever cause, is divided and received at opposite ends of the pneumatic cylinder at the same time, and neutralised by automatic compensation of the opposing forces. In a very few weeks these machines will be in the market, and then riders will be able to judge for themselves. It seems highly probable that this sort of machine will be much sought after for rough travelling, where punctures are likely to occur; but it will, I fancy, be long before our old favourite, the Dunlop, is likely to be superseded. In Paris a company will be brought out this week, I believe. A large factory, covering an area of 30,000 feet, has been established at St. Cloud, capable of turning out three hundred finished cycles per week, and six hundred sets of the patent parts. The premises also contain several tracks, a riding-school, and excellent accommodation. So riders of the pneumatic compensation cycle will be well provided for.

English-Lake District. At present there is only a rough bridle-road connecting Barrowdale and Wastdale, but I am told the engineering difficulties of the proposed road could be easily overcome, and no gradient need be steeper than one in eighteen. The cost is estimated at ten thousand pounds, one-half of which the Cumberland County Council have undertaken to defray, if the remainder can be raised by subscription or otherwise. This road would prove a great boon to cyclists, as at the present time anyone who desires to ride from the head of Derwent Water to Wastwater must needs make a detour of something like forty miles. The Sty Head Pass traverses magnificent scenery.

I learn from a contemporary that a cyclist touring through France last year suffered continually from punctured tyres, caused by small nails, which appeared to grow upon the French roads like blackberries on a hedge. Being much puzzled to account for the prevalence of nails, he made inquiries, and was told that they had dropped from the soles of the wooden shoes used by the peasants, the wood of the sabots being less adapted for holding the nails than the leather sole of the ordinary British boot. If this be so, I wonder we have not heard of more punctured tyres from the many English cyclists who rode over French highways last summer, and I am more than half inclined to think that the nail-strewn roads may be laid to the account of a certain spirit of "devilment" inherent in the French *gamin* no less than in the British yokel, the sight of a foreign cyclist in difficulties being, doubtless, a source of much satisfaction.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## ON DITS AND OTHERWISE.

A Princess's wedding means, among many matters, great upraising of spirit on the part of those dressmakers, milliners, and such other satellites as serve and administer to highly placed and deeply pursed womankind generally. But when a trousseau like that of the Princess of Anhalt comes up for discussion, the modistes may well palpitate with anticipation, seeing that such "orders" mean a small fortune to the gratified recipients, not to mention the *kudos* attending on such exalted patronage. In this case of the Princess's nuptial bedizenment, besides the large sums expended on finery, the Duchess of Anhalt's proverbial good taste has arrived at results not always possible even to royalty, and the trousseau, now quite completed, is a record of well-directed magnificence. There is none of the conventional orange-blossom usually employed on wedding-dresses, but delicate sprays of myrtle are embroidered lavishly on the thick, soft, white satin, which is heavily draped with fine Venetian lace of historic antecedents and astonishing intrinsic value. A ball-dress, inside whose seductions any ordinarily good-looking woman might become a conquering heroine, is of Nile-green brocade, patterned to resemble ostrich feathers and striped with gold. A scarf of green tulle is draped around the shoulders, fastened at waist, and falls in ends to the feet. Gold paillettes and pink velvet rose-petals bestrew this graceful adjunct to a beautiful gown, bunches of pink feathers on train, skirt, and bodice bearing out a dainty contrast of colour. Another ball-dress to sigh for is the pale-blue satin, built in correct Louis Seize style, with fichu of cream mousseline-de-soie and real lace, the belt being of gold galon, thickly studded with turquoises and emeralds embroidered in a contemporary design. The cold tone of grey which Paris dressmakers have correctly called "granite" is employed in this lavish trousseau, a thick, rich bengaline of the new tone making wonderful background for elaborate pink, blue, and gold embroideries appearing on apron and bodice; peacock velvet epaulettes and vest, assisted by cascades of white accordion-frills of mousseline-de-soie, completing the composition. White velvet, magnificently embroidered with precious stones of many colours, is employed in a gown for the Princess's mother, simulated rose-leaves of real lace appearing in butterfly fashion on the apron of white satin, each wing connected with its fellow by a slender jewelled body. Gallic genius, having got a free hand, seems, in fact, to have expended itself over this galaxy of gowns, and a list of auxiliary garments which leaves one quite breathless forms the sum-total of this wonderful trousseau. Altogether, one might think that, next the poetic rôle of being its possessor, comes the pleasant and practical one of being its author. The rewards that follow such heaven-born genius would indeed enlighten the suburban stitcher who ruins your sale-bought remnants for a misplaced guinea or two, "linings inclusive."

Not to all of us, however deserving, is given the sweetness and light of domesticated electricity. It is admirable, but it is expensive, and the vacuum created in a housekeeping account, already depleted by bloated and bullying taxes, drives many back to the use of lamps which live by oil instead of the electric current. After much and troublesome research, the result of aforesaid causes, I have discovered a white, odourless oil which gives forth translucent beams at eighteenpence the gallon, does not smoke or soil my ceilings, and is altogether the inexpensive equivalent of expensive electric light. Having alighted on this invaluable liquid at the Aladdin Palace of Lamps in Bond Street, it seems fitting that my audience should hear of it, as lamp-oil is in several senses a burning question with many who keep to lamp-lighted, silk-shaded drawing-rooms, from which the gruesome odours of paraffin are not always successfully absent.

The newest and most fascinating methods of table-decoration are always to be met with in this Bond Street Bower of Beauty, and one which gives a highly ornate effect, together with a modest supply of flowers, is an arrangement of tiny glass arches (over which any trailing greenery can be wreathed), and little colonnades for the reception of alternate lights and blossoms. The "Moore" white china, in charming Louis Quatorze

bowls and vases, for holding Arctic lights arranged centrally among ferns or exotics, is also a specialty with Williams and Bach. The "Pompadour" candle-shade, in white corrugated linen or silk, with a sprinkling of rosebuds in natural colours, is what an American friend calls "the most elegant" trifle yet invented, and equally suited to the tiny candlestick-lamp for which this old-established firm is famous. A new "drum"-shaped lamp-shade, in amber satin, white-embroidered, is again a fresh arrival in this ever-growing confraternity of fanciful developments.

Had the "busy bee" of respectable hymn'd tradition been permanently located in London or suburbs, I feel convinced he would have degenerated into a lazy, demoralised, ne'er-do-weel drone. For Town, look you, be it never so deserving of its capital T on some counts, is a snare and delusion on others, and the "shining hour" on which our worthy and departed Dr. Watts set such store is a non-apparent quantity for nine long months out of every succeeding twelve. In such Novembers, Januarys, and Marchs as ours, the best part of London is one's own fireside, and to the

man in the street it is generally a case of "needs must." On the sunny and mimosa-scented Riviera how different the conditions of living! and is it wonderful that every spring sees a fresh flight of fashionable swallows flying South out of our grime and fog to those enchanted shores? As a result of the fine weather of this week, numbers of the fair, in costumes to match, have been figuring on the pigeon-shooting ground at Monte Carlo, and many are the victims marked down, I hear, besides the hapless Blue Rocks and other breeds doomed to subjugation. They call Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, who is only just arrived by the way, "Mr. Bullets," so great is his prowess at pinking pigeons, and the Grand Duke Peter of Russia is also a power among the grey-winged bipeds.

Talking of this quaint Quaker colour reminds me, by the way, of a dainty dinner-gown, made high for such occasions as *table d'hôte*, which has been designed by a Dover Street authority on the subject of chiffons. It is of soft pearl-grey satin, the skirt made in wide pleats expanding into godets, while tight over hips after the most approved new manner. The bodice, somewhat blouse fashion, is covered in front with accordion-pleated lisse spangled with tiny steel paillettes. A yoke of light salad-green moiré, pleated crosswise behind, is also daintily apparent at wrists, and forms the folded bias waistband. A neck drapery to match, with fans of pleated ivory lace, is most becoming. The sleeves, gathered in the inner seam, are surmounted by Pierrette fans of grey and black mousseline-de-soie, also spangled. Grey shoes, gloves, fan, and black aigrette for the hair are needed to complete a bewitching altogether.

Not having taken beige-colour to our hearts as a winter equipment, the dressmakers are now urging it strenuously on our attention as a spring mode. It is a quiet, unobtrusive colour, and, under certain conditions, may be even *chic*, but the conditions are required. One is a complexion with some allowance of milk and roses—a possession happily not far to seek in England; the other is a judicious admixture of colour, black being a specially successful adjunct. I have seen a new beige-coloured frock, the skirt trimmed with three rows of medium width black velvet ribbon. A half-fitting—that is, loose-fronted—bodice is cut with the new long, all-round basques. The vest of white satin, veiled with beige-coloured guipure, peeps from a folded drapery at both sides, bordered with black velvet ribbon. A neck-trimming of rose-leaf satin under similar guipure is made very high at the ears and back, edged also with narrow black velvet, and fastened in front with a fine buckle of cut-steel and paste. The waistband, of black velvet ribbon, has crossed ends in front hung through a similar buckle. The sleeves are small; the cuffs, trimmed with a pink satin and guipure, turn back. A delightful little spring frock, composed by that very up-to-date and exclusive authority, Viola, of Albemarle Street.

Religion and politics, to quote other matters, are classically supposed to be the most fruitful sources of argument, divided opinion, and nervous language extant. Yet I would suggest, and with infinite reason, a third topic no less calculated to disturb international equanimity, and that is breakfast in bed. While one woman protests it is the most slothful,



HOTEL DINNER-DRESS OF PEARL-GREY SATIN.

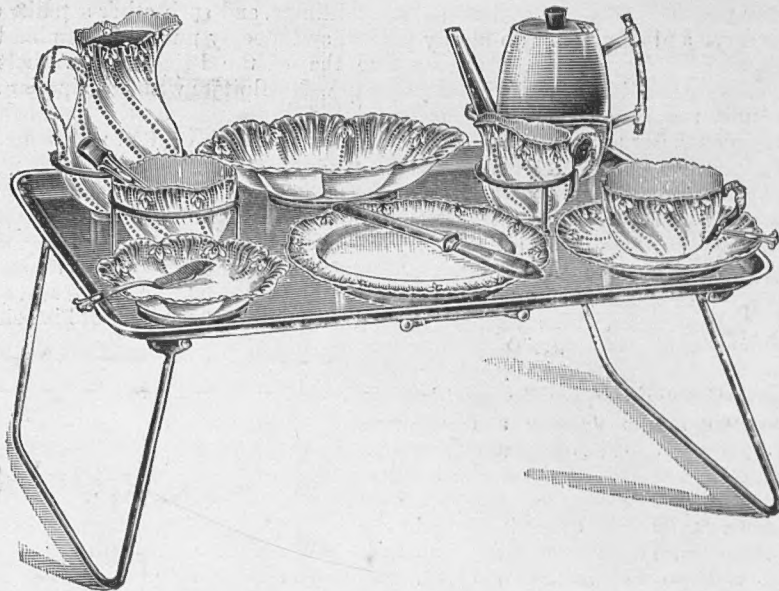


most demoralising, and invertebrate danger-signal of up-to-date self-indulgence, others will be found to uphold such soft dalliance in plenty, and produce a dozen plausible reasons for what has wittily been called "a sin of omission." Of the many inducements which modern, and, above all, town life, holds out for its commission, few, however, will more strongly appeal to luxurious womankind than the charmingly fitted bed breakfast-service just introduced for the public weal by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street fame. The service consists of a tray made of their celebrated "Prince's plate," fitted with folding supports so as to raise easily from the lap the tea- or coffee-pot, together with sugar-basin, hot-milk or water-jug, cream-jug, bread-dish, one also for butter, together with plate, cup, and saucer. All of these, in snow-white Coalport china, Louis Quinze style, are augmented by teaspoons and butter-knife, the whole paraphernalia, in fact, of a complete and dainty breakfast. The articles, being fitted into and kept in position by a wire frame attached to the tray, cannot play general post on the bedclothes, as ordinary arrangements are apt to do on the slightest movement. A boon to the invalid or valetudinarian generally this, and destined, no doubt, to wide adoption among that admittedly enviable portion of the community who on these deeply, darkly, unbeautifully foggy mornings can sip the steaming Mocha from the midst of down pillows, while foolish workaday people brave a world as yet hopelessly unaired.

Dancing is in full swing at Nice, and every night is successively made merry with some new and unthought-of cotillon figures, which are more than ever a vogue at such gatherings this season. The Grand Hotel Dance on Monday was very smartly attended, which might be said for the Tuesday function at the Metropolitan too. Then followeth the Palmiers on Wednesday, the Croix Rouge next evening, and so on indefinitely. Sir William and Lady Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Hay Currie, Miss Sharman Crawford, are familiar faces at the assemblies. At the Paderewski Concert it was beyond bathos, my friends declare, to witness the rush of enthusiastic women stagewards as the great pianist finished his performance, many insisting on shaking hands with him amid hysterical plaudits. How the poor man manages to keep his head, not to mention his hair "on," these intoxicating manifestations of feminine favour notwithstanding, is really no less wonderful than his astounding manipulation of the keyboard.

This subject of the gentle weed, to which I alluded last week, recalls a magnificent interior which I had the privilege of peeping into recently. A smoking-room this which, though prosaically situated in a prosaic red-brick South Kensington mansion, transported one, at a first glance, to the gorgeous and semi-barbaric distant East. Crimson, gold, and green of strong but harmonious admixture gave the keynote to one's impression of this luxurious smoking sanctum at the Siamese Legation, lacquer, porcelain, and metal-work of price adding to the scheme of mellowed colouring which makes this room an ideal smoker's paradise. The young Prince of Siam owns here also a veritable bower of roses for

not a little to the foliaged effect of this charming room. The drawing-room is quite a splendid saloon, being over a hundred feet in length, and achieves its important proportions from the fact of two Ashburn Place houses having been thrown into one. Yellow, ivory, and the faintest touch of soft light green, give it an air of perpetual summer, which must, indeed, be a pleasing illusion to freshly transplanted



BREAKFAST IN BED IDEALISED BY MAPPIN AND WEBB.

attachés and their womenkind, whose fortune leads them to these barbarous, fog-ridden Northern islands. The dining-room at the Legation gives a pleasing, cheery prospect of vivid crimson and ivory, which, together with all other decorations in this really delightful house, or more properly, houses, is the result of that unique taste and skilled decorative workmanship for which Messrs. Hewetson, of Tottenham Court Road, are so especially distinguished.

An old English manor-house which was recently put into the hands of this firm for structural and other improvements has just been completely restored by them, and furnished throughout with genuine Charles I. oak, an interesting feat which, as connoisseurs know, is not very easy of accomplishment, seeing how rare and scattered are the relics of that particular period. Besides making a specialty of old oak, which experienced and astute agents are constantly unearthing in many places little thought of or visited, Messrs. Hewetson are, moreover, experts in the reproduction of old and curious designs, many of which would have been lost, or, at least, confined to isolated and imperfect examples, but for their truly artistic spirit. These clocks reproduced are, for instance, accurate copies of the best Elizabethan and Georgian carving, while dower-chests, panelling, buffets, dressers, and other products of the ancient decorative faculty are also endlessly multiplied by these past-masters of the present oak-carving renaissance.

Since we are all anxious to contribute in some manner, large or small, as our incomes vary, to the relief of those poor, hungry, famine-stricken Indians, and since, also, both bazaars and charity-balls are indubitably overdone and out of favour, it occurs to me that a big bicycle-fête and military tournament combined, influentially supported and stage-managed, would prove a most attractive method of bringing the world and his wife to see, admire, and bestow entrance-fees. Islington would be the place of all others for such a carnival, and there are certainly many influential Service-men who would gladly come forward to help the cause, if the thing were once decided and took definite outlines. I shall be very glad, therefore, to hear the views and opinions of my readers generally on this subject.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

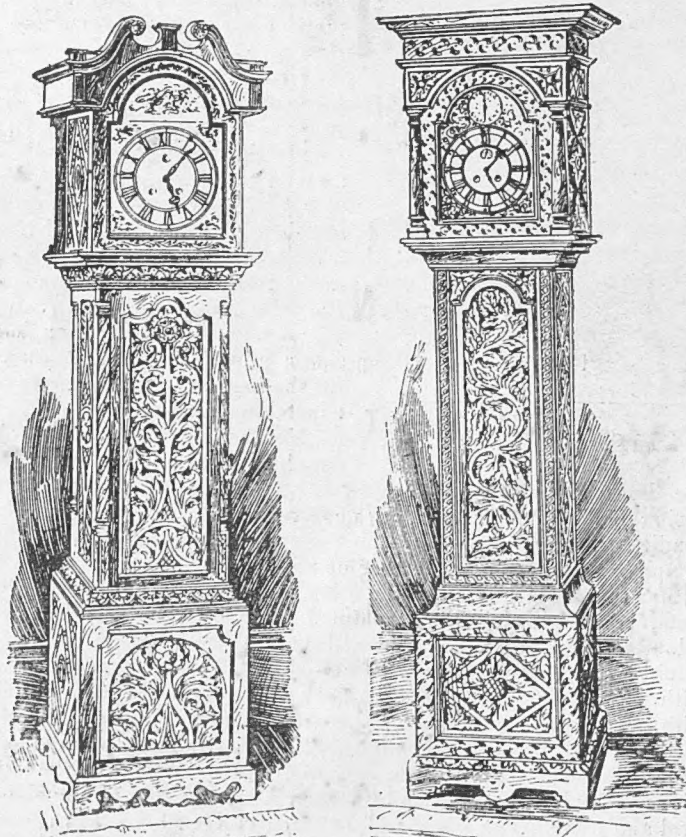
JULPH. — Pope and Plante, of Regent Street, would make you the special kind of kummerbund you describe. They are constantly sending out to India.

COUNTRY BAZAAR. — New ideas are rather rare birds, but I think I can give you one for your comfort. You know those pretty photo-frames which are evolved out of disused photographic negatives? Well, on somewhat similar lines, I should have ordinary window-glass (not plate, of course), cut to the size of sermon-paper, and lay branches of mimosa between, binding the edges securely with yellow ribbon, as in the photo-frame case. Paper-weights, three-fold screens, and blotting-book covers are among the pretty trifles you can inexpensively produce for your table. The mimosa, if carefully pressed when fresh, retains the colours and looks quite charming; only, be careful to bind the edges of glass firmly with webbing under ribbon.

VANITY. — As you are domiciled in Bloomsbury, I should advise you to go to Madame Nina Duval, of 15, Tavistock Place, who is a specialist in face-massage, and will doubtless work wonders in the wished-for direction. Her system is, I am widely assured, at once scientific and successful, giving both beauty and health, for neuralgia is a fiend that rapidly disappears under the improved system of facial massage practised by this lady.

BRIDESMAIDS (Worthing). — (1) It is a very pretty idea, and greatly improves on the conventional brooch or bangle. Take the six fans to the Parisian Diamond Company, either to Burlington Arcade or to their other shop at top of New Bond Street. They will design a monogram, single initial, or other fanciful pattern for the handles as you decide. I think the Louis Quatorze design illustrated in their drawing facing page 86 of last week's *Sketch* particularly good, but it may cost more than the figure you have mentioned. (2) There is no hard-and-fast rule about the matter, but a slight border of mourning is generally used.

SYBIL.



GEORGE IV.

ELIZABETHAN.

OAKEN CLOCKS AT HEWETSON'S.

his bed-room, which must as nearly as possible resemble its oft-sung prototype "by Bendemeer's stream," of which Tommy Moore wrote so sweetly. The wall-paper is somewhat Persian in character, too, with roses, asters, and foliage galore in charming disarray on an ivory background, the hangings and furniture-covers to match contributing



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Feb. 24.*

## THE MONEY MARKET.

According to expectation, the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday last reduced the minimum rate of discount to 3 per cent. This movement having been fully anticipated, the announcement had scarcely any appreciable effect, either in the Money Market or on the Stock Exchange, except that in the latter case there was a tendency to a decline for the moment due to profit-taking. There were no movements of importance disclosed by the Bank Return. The reserve is £30,000 lower, and the ratio to liabilities has been reduced from 53.4 per cent. to 52.4 per cent. Public Deposits increased by £1,076,702, while Other Deposits declined by £204,006. Government Securities increased by £535,859, and Other Securities were also higher by £411,412.

## THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

The result of this company's working during the year 1896 must undoubtedly be ranked as satisfactory. At the general meeting held last week, Mr. W. S. Portal, the chairman, had only progress to announce. The gross revenue for the last half-year was £2,229,163, against £2,172,485, and the gross expenditure £1,222,307 against £1,196,078, while the net revenue was £491,977, against £464,577, and the amount available for dividends was £510,462, against £480,087. As a result of this successful half-year the ordinary shareholders will get 8½ per cent. instead of 7½, and are promised even more next year, on account of the greatly increased traffic which is confidently expected in connection with the coming Diamond Reign celebrations.

## WATERLOO AND CITY RAILWAY.

It will be cheering news to a good many City people to hear that the Waterloo and City Railway is progressing satisfactorily and that the most difficult of the operations have been safely overcome. The contract time allowed under the Act for the completion of the railway, it appears from the chairman's speech at the meeting on Thursday last, was July 1898, but the shareholders are assured that the line will be completed and in working order long before that period. It is no joke to wait for trains, particularly at this season of the year, at Waterloo Junction, and it is hoped that the new railway will be completed before another winter sets in.

## MINING MARKETS.

"Flat and even flatter" is the only way to describe the Mining markets of the last few days. The other day we said that this South African Commission would upset everything, and it appears to have done so. There is a general feeling of dread abroad about what is to happen, and of how far the bi-weekly reports of the evidence given before Mr. Jackson and his colleagues will affect prices. We cannot for years remember the Mining markets in a more miserable condition than they are at present, and until the air is clearer real improvement does not appear probable.

Our African correspondent sends us the following interesting letter—

## EAST RAND PROPRIETARY MINES, LIMITED.

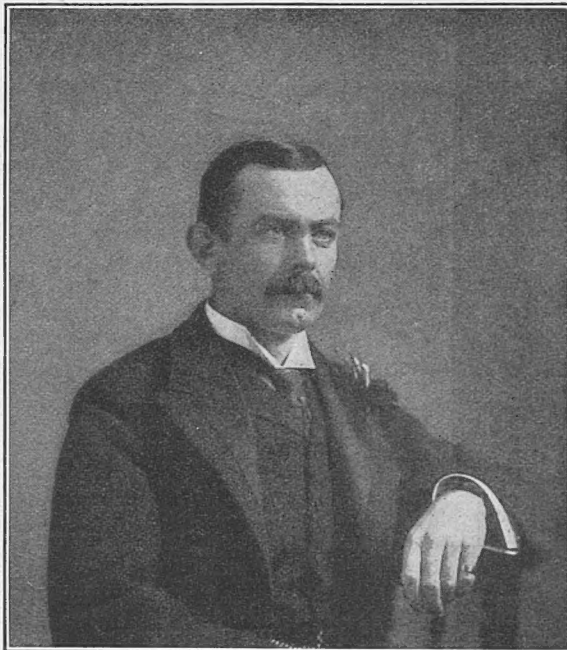
The East Rand has been one of the big surprises of the Kaffir Market. Fortunes have been lost as well as made in this one stock, which has fluctuated as only the most speculative of mining stocks can do. Three years ago, prior to the days of the great Kaffir boom, the shares had a market value of from 12s. to 14s., and even at that low quotation opinion was divided as to their being worth buying. Just before the collapse of the boom, at the end of September 1895, they touched the record price of £12 15s., only to fall to 70s. three months later, at the time of the Jameson raid. In the course of last year they once more mounted to tall figures, touching £9 at one time; but the closing months of the year witnessed a relapse similar to the slump of 1895, and on Dec. 16 East Rands were dealt in at 63s. From this point there was a smart rebound. Investors may well find themselves puzzled to arrive at an approximate idea of the value of a mining property the shares of which can fluctuate in this wild fashion. There is this to be said in explanation of market vagaries, that the low quotations current prior to the boom represented no proper estimate of the intrinsic value of the property, which had then been hardly opened, whereas recent fluctuations, those of the past six months or so, have arisen rather from political and financial considerations and from the state of the Kaffir Market generally, than from any very greatly altered views as to the value of the three miles of outcrop and deep levels forming the East Rand Proprietary.

This marvellous company owes its inception chiefly to a group of far-sighted financiers, including the brothers George and Sidney Farrar and Carl Hanau, who gave their initials to the well-known H. F. Syndicate. Mr. G. Farrar's portrait appeared in *The Sketch* on April 15 last. Into the history of the ground acquired by the H. F. Syndicate it is not necessary here to enter, but those interested in such matters may refer to the admirable volumes of Mr. C. S. Goldmann, the historian of the Rand, himself a director of the East Rand Proprietary, and about thirty other leading companies. When the H. F. Syndicate turned over their interest in the ground to the East Rand Proprietary Mines in 1893, they reserved a 25 per cent. lien on net profits, after 100 per cent. had been returned to East Rand shareholders on the then capital of the company, £650,000. The existence of this lien has been all along well known—the £100 shares of the H. F. Syndicate, in virtue of this right, being very valuable—but in recent months there has been a disposition on the part of some shareholders, particularly in France, to treat the lien as something newly discovered, and not likely to be enforced to the strict letter. On the other hand, the H. F. Syndicate, not unnaturally, have wished simply to abide by a favourable business arrangement duly entered into, and worth to them ultimately a large sum in hard cash.

The recent attempt to buy out the H. F. Syndicate rights fell through, and for the present no one seems disposed to revive the subject, but it is only too apparent that the question of the 25 per cent. lien must come to the front again before long in connection with the entire financial position of the company. For the present the question of finances is all-important, overshadowing everything relating to mine development and ore assays. The loan of £300,000 falls due a year hence, and by that time additional capital expenditure on a large scale will

be in prospect. In this connection some scheme for the consolidation of the East Rand properties is likely one day to come about, and cannot be accomplished without a complete reorganisation of finances. Such a plan is warmly advocated by Mr. George Farrar, the chairman, on economical grounds, and any scheme involves the buying out of shares in the various subsidiary companies held by others than the East Rand Proprietary.

According to the statement of the chairman at the recent meeting, the shares necessary to be purchased to complete the consolidation of the East Rand property represent 235 mining claims out of a total of 1447. The difference, namely, 1212, represents the total net holding of the East Rand Proprietary in claims and shares in subsidiary companies reduced to claims. Of the six subsidiaries formed, so far, the Angelo, in which the Proprietary Company holds over 109,000 shares, is admittedly the richest. In the days of the boom it was the fashion to speak of this mine as a second Robinson. Recent estimates are more cautious, but the South Reef in this property continues to give marvellous assays, while the North Reef, as a rule, is comparatively poor. Taking at random the latest assays from the mine, we find the following—3rd level (main east drive), 85 dwt. over a width of 42 in.; 23.50 dwt. for 21 in.; 61.25 dwt. for 24 in.; 163.25 dwt. for 35 in. These are marvellous assays, but they are above the average grade of the



[Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.]

*Yours faithfully*  
*George H. Farrar*

mine. In places the South Reef falls to a few pennyweights, while the North Reef is comparatively poor throughout, or, at best, only of medium grade. A 100-stamp battery is being erected on this property, and will be running about the middle of the year.

Next in value to the Angelo, from a mining point of view, comes the Driefontein, in which the East Rand holds 100,000 shares, and which will also have a large battery at work in the course of the present year. On the Driefontein the South Reef is less rich than on the neighbouring Angelo, but still good enough to promise excellent returns when the mill starts. Here, as generally throughout the East Rand, the North Reef is the poorer of the two. In the New Comet, in which the East Rand holding is 93,000 shares, crushing has been going on for some time, with results known to all. These have been disappointing, but it is all-important to note that only North Reef ore has yet been crushed, and that, once the South Reef is "stoped" in equal proportions with the other, the grade of ore treated will be raised by several pennyweights per ton. The other subsidiaries, with the respective holdings of the East Rand, are the New Blue Sky, 105,000 shares; Agnes Munro, 62,500 shares; and the Cinderella, 71,400 shares. These mines are less far advanced than the others, and the grade of ore, so far as developed, is poorer, but further development may have surprises in store. In regard to these, the question of additional working capital must one day be faced. The East Rand, in addition to the above holdings, possesses 412 valuable deep-level claims on the farm Driefontein, 346 on Vogelfontein, 194 on Leeuwpoot, &c. These have still to be dealt with by the parent company.

## FINANCE COMPANIES AND FOUNDERS' SHARES.

Those who remember the great boom of founders' shares in certain Trust companies about 1889-90 will not be surprised to find that those who hold this class of security in sundry of the West Australian promotion concerns are in a great hurry to convert the stuff into some other and more easily realised form of security. Indeed, they are wise in their generation, these Westralian financiers. The London and Globe and the West Australian Exploring and Finance concerns are going to amalgamate, and the £10,000 Founders' capital is to be turned into £610,000 of the new amalgamated ordinary capital, and this upon the results of one year's working, and that a bumper year, such as is not likely to recur. Of a truth, 'tis better to be a promoter than to take shares in the promotions!

So that the Whitaker-Wright group may not make all the money and give nobody else a chance, the West Australian Joint Stock Trust founders are going to convert their £5000 of capital into £250,000 of shares in a new concern, to be called the Australian Joint Stock Trust Founders, Limited, for which those who pull the strings think the market-price may very well



be £750,000, or say, £3 per share. To give a modest 10 per cent. on the nominal £250,000 of new founders' capital, the West Australian Joint Stock Trust will have to make £174,500 per annum, and who seriously thinks that any such sum can be earned over a series of years? There will be some sore heads and broken hearts over this kind of finance before the end of 1897, or we are greatly mistaken. The people who burn their fingers don't deserve much pity.

#### SINGER CYCLE COMPANY.

Since we commented upon this company in our issue of a fortnight ago the shares have been steadily moving up in price. The rise has not been very pronounced, but we understand that it is attributable to a consistent demand being made for the shares by the investment public. The company is now in full swing, and, having as much work before it as it can conveniently undertake, it will, doubtless, give a good account of itself when the next dividend season comes round. The cycle share markets generally have been fairly active during the past week, and the public are now beginning to discriminate for themselves upon the merits of the various companies in the field, with the consequence that the better-class shares are being quoted at a premium, in some cases more than we think warranted.

We fully expect Swifts to go better, and rumour says that the Elswick Company is so full of work that, if the capacity of the factories were doubled, orders would still have to be turned away. A trade tip which reaches us is to buy the shares of H. Miller and Co., and we give it for what it is worth.

In the course of the next few days a new tyre company is to be launched, with a capital of £200,000, but we are not permitted to give any details, for with its advent "the wigs will be on the green"—we mean, the wigs will be flying about.

At the moment of writing a most bitterly contested action as to the validity of the Welch patent—the key of the Dunlop position—is being fought out before Mr. Justice Romer, and those of our readers who are interested in the big tyre company's shares should watch the result with care, for the learned Judge's decision will do much to make or mar the prospects of the deferred shares.

#### ALLSOPP'S.

There has been a good deal of activity in the shares of this company, and the market does not seem able to make up its mind as to the dividend likely to be declared. Rumours as to a poor distribution were being circulated at the beginning of last week, with the consequence that a decline took place of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  points. Since then, however, the price has again firmed up, and a more sanguine view is now taken of the position. Possibly the reason of the depression in price was the action of interested parties, whose object was to procure cheap stock. We do not think there is any cause for apprehension about the dividend-earning powers of the company, as trade conditions are all in its favour at present.

#### THE LINOTYPE.

The dividend announcement made by the directors of this company is highly satisfactory. Subject to audit, there is a net profit available for distribution for the year ending Dec. 31 last of £123,255, as against £59,969 in 1895. It is proposed to pay a dividend for the half-year at the rate of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum on the deferred ordinary shares, which is a similar distribution to that made in the first half of the year. This will leave a balance of £63,223, of which £30,000 will be placed to reserve and £33,223 carried forward. The dividend a year ago was at the same rate, but it must be borne in mind that the capital has since then been nearly doubled—£812,000 in shares having been given in December as a bonus to shareholders. The above dividend is, therefore, equal to nearly 13 per cent. on the old share-capital. The result of the year's working must be very gratifying, especially to those shareholders who participated in the distribution of bonus shares.

#### THE BREWING TRADE.

Until late in the year 1896 the price of the materials used in the brewing trade kept falling, with the very natural result that the profits of the various brewery companies are making a very fine show. Steady-going concerns like the Lion Brewery can distribute 14 per cent. instead of the usual 12 per cent., while the profits of the larger companies for the past year will, no doubt, be bigger than ever; but shareholders must not be sanguine enough to expect this kind of thing to go on for ever. Both malt and hops are rising in price, and look like going higher, so that the cost of production in 1897 is pretty sure to show considerable increase. The brewer does not lower his prices when the things out of which he makes his beer are cheap, neither can he raise them when the price of raw material rises.

#### NEW ISSUES.

The Leeds and Hanley Theatres of Varieties, Limited, is offering for public subscription 16,000 shares of £5 each. The capital is £80,000. The properties are freehold, and will be transferred fully licensed. There is no reason why good music-halls in such populous districts should not do well.

The Central Province Ceylon Tea Company, Limited.—We cannot advise anyone to subscribe for either the preference or ordinary shares of this concern. We should like to see some independent valuations, and actual, not assumed, profits.

Haig and Haig, Limited.—Why John Haig and Co. wish to sell a portion of their business we do not know. The auditors' certificate is unsatisfactory, and the investment appears by no means attractive.

The Inverell Diamond Fields, Limited, is one of those objectionable "private issues" which profess to give the early investor some sort of advantage over the general public. Of course, it is all humbug, but a good many people get caught by it. The properties supposed to be diamondiferous are in the colony of New South Wales and near Bingera. We know the colony fairly well, and we don't believe there is a square yard of payable diamond

ground in the whole of it. The foolish people—if there are any sufficiently foolish—who put their money into this concern will lose it just as certainly (if not quite so quickly) as if they gave it to the first undeserving object of charity that came under their notice.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

HOPEFUL.—The whole lot, except perhaps No. 3, are probably rubbish. Perhaps you might hold on to 5 and 6 in the hope of something turning up.

S. W. F.—We wrote to you on the 4th inst.

T. M. S.—Ditto.

WALTER.—(1) Our answer to "Safe" did not refer to either of the outside brokers mentioned by you. (2) We would not deal with one of the people you name. (3) Certainly not; you will find rubbish which J. and Co. wish to push off mixed up with really sound concerns used as decoy-ducks. (4) We have little reliable information, but we should sell.

TYRO.—The concern is the worst kind of rubbish.

W. H. W.—The companies you name are all good, but the price is very high. We should say spread your money over (1) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref., (2) *Sanitas*, (3) *Savoy Hotel* pref., and (4) *Pearson's*  $5\frac{1}{2}$  pref.

DIORITE.—We have no information as to the British Columbia Mining Company, and the Market does not know it. We do not advise holding the West Australian concern.

S. B.—We answered your letter on the 2nd inst., and the correctness of our opinion on Tintos is already self-evident. Don't be too greedy.

H. C. W.—Write to the Associated Miners, Limited, address, Suffolk House, Laurence Poutney Hill. The company's office is 43, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

T. G. S.—We are glad you approve of the line we have taken over this Kent coal affair. Send us the exact dates.

ZERO.—Thank you for your information about Nice. (1) We do not think the Development concern is up to much, and would get rid of its shares to some other fellow if they were our own. There is no market for any of the shares you ask about. (2) Write the investment off as a bad debt.

F. M.—We do not understand which of the securities in your list are held for a trust and which are not. Most of your list is outside the terms of the investment clause as quoted by you. The whole list is very satisfactory. We should be inclined to sell (i), (j), and (l), because they are so high, and re-invest in (1) *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. pref. (dividend May and November); (2) *Pearson's*  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. pref. (dividend June and December); (3) *Val de Travers Asphalt* (dividend March and September). Concerns like the National Discount and the Standard Bank of South Africa should suit you; but there is, of course, a liability; without this we do not think you can improve your holding much in the way of interest without increasing the risk.

LINCOLN.—The price of Chartered depends on the state of African politics, the evidence given before the Committee, and the general tone of the market. As a gamble they are not bad. We do not expect the *Daily Mail* to be brought out yet. Write to its Financial Editor and ask.

T. Y. Y.—Certainly not.

J. L. W.—We think the shares are first-rate. The ordinary capital is £175,000, held by three persons, who will not sell a share. There are no debentures, and none can be created without the consent of the preference shareholders. The dividends are paid on June 1 and Dec. 1.

DOUBTFUL.—We think the prospects of 1, 2, and 3 are very fair. Conflicting reports reach us as to No. 3, but we believe it to be a good mine. Of 4 and 5 we have a poor opinion.

WENNING.—We believe the mine to be pure rubbish, but, at the price, you might make a profit. The Trust deferred stock is, of course, very depreciated. It is doubtful if even its present price is represented by the value of securities. On the whole, we should hold.

H. Y.—(1) You seem to have bought at the top. We never remember recommending the shares when above  $2\frac{1}{4}$ , and we sold our own at  $2\frac{1}{4}$ . The concern is a good one, and the right people are behind it. We would rather average than clear out. (2) We only know it is a Tasmanian affair, with a respectable board, and that there is no quotation obtainable for the shares.

SIMPLEX.—The accounts are made up to Dec. 31, and the balance-sheet is due in March or April.

VIXEN.—If you will tell us what sum you wish to invest, what class of securities you want, and whether you are prepared to hold some with a liability, like National Discount, we will give you a list of things suitable, to yield from 4 to 5 per cent. The bank we referred to was the Charing Cross Bank.

CAREFUL.—If, as you say, you cannot afford to risk your money, you had better sell all your holdings. Individually, 1 and 2 are very speculative, depending on patents which are sure to be evaded sooner or later, and both are overcapitalised; 3 and 4 depend on the course of South African politics, especially No. 3—there will be rumours of wars and suchlike things, so that prices will be sure to fluctuate; 6 is pure rubbish, not worth the paper the share-certificates are printed upon. We like 4 and 5 best, and should hold them if we could afford to do so.

H. J. B.—Write to Mr. Henry Hess, of the *African Critic*, Leadenhall Street, E.C., who will put you in communication with the other shareholders forming the combination to resist the collection of calls. Of course, the forfeiture of shares does not free you from the liability to pay those already made. Every schoolboy knows that.

J. G.—We really do not understand your meaning. The preferred converted ordinary get 7 per cent., and, if the earnings allow of more being distributed, the deferred get it. A stock cannot be called a second preference unless it has some other security behind it. In this case there is nothing behind.

A. V. P.—Cordoba Central (Northern Section) 4 per cent. perpetual debentures should suit you; price about 91.

DISGUSTED.—If our last week's correspondent under this *nom-de-guerre* will communicate with us, we will send him the name and address of another Tetuan victim, who tells us he has considerable information and would be glad to co-operate with others to bring the responsible parties to book.

W. W.—See this week's "Notes." We should not be inclined to buy any mining shares at present. We think Mr. Henry Hess could give you valuable information about No. 3.

INQUIRER.—We think very well of it, and especially of the people connected with it. Prices have slipped away because a few people want to sell and nobody wants to buy anything in the mining line. We doubt if even a good report would put prices up just now.

E. A. J.—Your husband's question was answered in our issue of Jan. 27. The thing was badly subscribed, and we think by no means well of it. We know little of the tea company you mention, but the prospectus does not read well. From the description of what you want, it is not the sort of security we should select.

E. H. S.—See answer to "Disgusted." We have destroyed our correspondent's letter, but no doubt he will communicate with us if he sees this week's issue.